

# THE SOUTHERN BIVOUAC.

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## WILD LIFE IN THE 'SEVENTIES.

A STORY OF FLORIDA.

### CHAPTER III.

THE COUNTRY AND ITS "CRITTERS."

ARCHER PHILIPS, on arriving at his new home, selected a tract of one hundred and sixty acres, and made application under the homestead act. On the payment of \$14 he received from the land office a receipt defining his holding by section, range, and township, which was equivalent to a bond for a deed, at the expiration of five years, or a pre-emption in two years. It was protected against all liabilities whatever. He found a neighbor—a herdsman—in Cynthy's father, with whom he boarded for the present. By his advice he deadened the few acres, and put them in Hayti sweet-potatoes and cow-peas, a strong nutritive bean.

His next step was to clear the hammock for his cabin. Cynthy's explanation had shown him the severity of the task; but he persevered, not without discouragements, for the natives all distrusted his scheme of making an orange grove.

An example occurred a few days after his interview with Cynthy that led to some alteration of his plans. He had acquired some facility in using his hammack-hoe, and having gotten rid of the patch of scrub oak, he set to work on the pine and palmetto. In dealing with the first, he dug a hole at the roots, and having placed a bundle of pine-knots at the trunk, he set it on fire. In this way he could have a dozen fires going at once. In the meanwhile he attacked the palmetto. This is a prostrate trunk, half buried and bound down by innumerable tough radicals penetrating to moisture. The blade of the hoe must cut every one of these before the trunk can be removed. A long serrated leaf-stalk terminates in the fans, which are subdivided into twenty-seven or twenty-eight fronds, united at the base, and lanceolate at the extremity. Each fan, of which there may be forty or fifty to the trunk, covers an area of a square

yard or more, the flexible, sword-like fronds making a fierce hedge. By firing the dry herbage these are removed, leaving the bare, brown, imbricated trunk. The *Sabal Adansonii*, or fern palmetto, is distinguished by its long elastic petiole or leaf-stem, and is not serrated. It indicates a better soil than the *Sabal serrulata*. Philips was stubbing such a patch when he heard a mellow, clear voice singing a bugle call, a sharp crashing, as of pistol shots, followed by the thundering charge of hoofs beating the ground. As he raised up, startled by these sounds of battle, he saw a stranger, on a tough, tawny, wire-grass pony, riding toward him.

"Stranger," said the visitor, "have ye seen airy bunch o' yearlin's round here? Mine uses this'er way."

Philips gave him stare for stare. He was a tough, wiry fellow, in cottonade shirt and trowsers, a weedy, old slouch hat, boggans run down at the side, and a general air of woods life about him.

"I have seen stock about," said Philips. "but yearlin's, I don't know."

"I 'low you don't know a yearlin' from a two-year-old," commented the other. "You know ole Jim Arnon, lives beyant the bay (swamp)?"

"Yes, I get my meals there," said Archer.

"Do, say! I 'low, stranger, you can tell ef he is a tradin' stock, or a drivin' this season?"

"I never meddle with such things," said Archer. "As a stockman, I suppose he sells."

"Is he a-sellin' both brands?" continued the other, "the arrer and the hoop?"

"I don't know any thing about his business," said Archer, positively.

"You mought be a friend o' hes'n," said the stranger, suspiciously.

"I am his neighbor," said Archer.

"Jis so; and neighbors is neighbors. I 'low, ef I mought think o' layin' in a bunch o' yearlin's, it 'ud stand in the way of neighbor

to neighbor, to 'low ef ole Jim were a dealin' in the hoof this season?"

"I really, as I have told you, know nothing about his business," said Archer. "It is not far; you had better ask him."

"Jis so; an' old Jim are a square man. I 'low me an' him have rounded up, driv' an' cut out more hoof critters'n airy pair in South Flurridy. Ole Jim knows me. You needn't be feared o' tellin' me of ole Jim's tradin', stranger. We are square-heeled. Many's the peck o' *pesetas*<sup>8</sup> I done weighted out for ole Jim, 'long o' the Cuba trade."

"You know more of him than I do," said Archer, amused at the other's persistence; "I am a stranger."

"I 'low ye are," commented the other, looking critically at the work. "No man's education ain't finished until he have rastled with a bunch of palmeetus. Whar d'y'e hail from?"

"Kaintuck!" echoing Archer's answer. "I 'low yer sort of grass; been here long?"

"No; only a few weeks," said Archer.

"An' a sassy little hammock ye done squatted onto," flatteringly. "But y'aint got the heft for that sort o' plant. Been a farmer?"

"No; I lived on a farm," said Archer.

"But didn't live off'n hit,"<sup>†</sup> criticised his friend. "Folks farmers?"

"No; we owned a place before the war," said Archer.

"I see," said the other. "When do ye 'low for to go back there?"

"To Kentucky?" said Archer. "Oh, some day. I must build and set out a grove first."

"Set out a what?" asked the other.

"Orange-trees," explained Archer. But the other had thrown a foot over the saddle, and was looking at Archer in a brown study.

"I see," he exclaimed, as if he had guessed the conundrum. "I 'low ye had money to come to Flurriday, an y'aint got none fur to git back."

Archer laughed. "Not so bad as that. If I set out five hundred trees, when they come to bear five hundred to the tree, at two cents each, it will make \$5,000 a year."

"That there's arithmetic, I 'low," implying it was no more. "Whar's them there trees?" he asked.

"Oh, they will grow," said Archer, lightly.

"An' you 'low to live here by your own lone self?"

"Oh! pretty much," said Archer.

<sup>8</sup>A small Spanish silver coin.

<sup>†</sup>Make your living by it.

"But yo' don't 'low for to tell me 'long o' ole Jim Arnon's sellin' yearlin's."

Archie shook his head.

"An' you 'low to live off'n them ten-year-old oranges when they come."

"Certainly," said Archer.

"See here, stranger," said the other, reaching out a big, brown hand, "I'm a poor man; an' I got a litter o' pups my own self som'ers about these yer woods, an' I can't do much, but whin it does come I'll ride over and help bury you myself." And, wringing Archer's hand, his little pony frisked off like a grasshopper and was gone.

The little dramatic touch that closed the comedy of this interview drove out of Archer's mind the stranger's curiosity about his neighbor's sales of the arrow and hoop brand. He was to learn later this mystery and others. The brand is the owner's title, which the law requires to be duly recorded. An unbranded cow or steer is called a heredick, and becomes the property of any one that puts his mark on it. For this purpose the calves are herded in the spring and fall. At the period in question the chief market for Florida stock was Cuba. As there was no feeding, the business was very profitable; but it discouraged planting, both by example, and the practice of burning off in the fall to allow the young grass to spring up for the stock.

But as he approached Arnon's cabin in the still gray of the evening, when the bee-like breath of the geranium is sweetest, he thought of the stranger's curiosity. Old Jim, insensible to that fragrance that associated itself somehow with his daughter, smoked a pipe of rank, coarse plug-tobacco on the stoop. Some one within was playing on the violin a rollicking air, and singing. Archer listened and took it down:

#### HUCKLEBERRYING.

I 'low you know the happy day  
Were made so sweet along o' you,  
A week before the month o' May,  
We went to where the berries grew.  
The blackbird blew his whistle pipe:  
Berries are ripe; berries are ripe!  
Come quick and pick, and snatch and catch,  
As we went down to the huckleberry patch.

The gray coat mocking-bird were there;  
The red cock with a velvet tuft;  
The rice-bird in the maiden-hair,  
The little linnet, pea-green ruffed.  
And the blackbird blew his whistle pipe:  
Berries are ripe; berries are ripe!  
Come quick and pick, and snatch and catch,  
As we went down to the huckleberry patch.

A small tin bucket on your arm;  
We filled it most; air filled it master;  
I 'lowed your breath came sweet and warm  
As we kep' pickin' clos't and clos'ter,  
And the blackbird blew his whistle pipe:  
Berries are ripe; berries are ripe!  
Kiss quick and pick, and snatch and catch,  
As we went down to the huckleberry patch.

The air was a jig tune, and fairly danced with merriment over the fiddle strings; and the song was given with corresponding spirit.

Archer stopped a moment to talk with his shirt-sleeved host, sitting like the patriarch at his tent door. In the course of their brief interview he mentioned the stranger's visit, and his singular interest in his neighbor's stock dealings. Old Jim was alert in his questions, and intimated his disgust pretty freely.

"Yearlin's, indeed!" growled he. "I 'low them sort 'ud have a calf's coat off 'fore she wore horns. Hoop and arren brand's all one to 'em. Hit don't taste in the meat nor melt in the taller, nor wear in the shoe so as to show hit; and that's enough for cattle lifters, he can't come between the sights a-huntin' the white doe in this paster."

By this figure of coming between the sights of his rifle he meant so they should not be in line in front. To hunt the white doe is any infatuated pursuit. But why one should be so curious and the other so resentful over old Jim's brand of cattle was not explained.

Archer turned to seek the fiddler; but the air was changed to an ordinary jig, and the player was old Jim's eldest son.

Soon after Cynthia came in, bearing a great wooden bowl of clabber and a stone jug of fresh milk. Bud, as usual, was tugging at her skirts, the two being inseparable. The table was bountiful but coarse; great Hayti sweet potatoes, bowls of grits, a dish of venison in slush of rank, greasy lard; corn-pone, a sort of sweet pumpkin, eggs fried like the venison, butter, poorly washed and salted, and coffee, or coffee colored water without any flavor of the aromatic bean, and a thin, honey-like syrup. Every thing indicated a feudal abundance such as Helen of Troy might have sat down to with her suitors when they entered into that fatal league.

Old Jim's retainers and sons, the cowboys, gathered about the table in thick boots and jingling spurs, with a sheath-knife in great leather belts, which they used, disdaining the round-bladed and iron-pronged table wear, and the coarse blue edged delfts, while Cynthia and her mother waited on them.

For all their coarse appearance and rough jocularity they were obliging to strangers, and hospitable to a fault. They would endure any amount of toil and hardship cow hunting; but the handles of the plow or grubbing-hoe broke them down.

After the meal, Archer inquired for some one to help in his clearing. One and all declined, but recommended one called Jimbles. "You'll find him a-nussin' his knee on a dry goods box 't Orlandee," was added.

"How shall I know him?" asked Archer.

"Oh! he's a short butt-cut of a feller," said old Jim.

"There are not many tall men," Archer replied.

"Well, he's a one-gallus cuss," said old Jim.

Archer smiled. "Two gallowses are rare."

"He rides a wire-grass pony," continued old Jim.

"They all do, don't they?" said Archer.

Old Jim looked at the row of ponies at the rack, and remarked, "Some drives a yoke o' steers."

"Well," continued Archer, feeling that this was rather general for a whole country, "where does he live?"

"Whar he eats, gin'ally," said old Jim. "You'll find him mostly on the range."

"Humph! but where?" asked Archer. "It is a rather wide description."

"I 'low you're mighty partickler," criticised Jim. "Well, let's see: His wife cuts his hair."

"Yes?" said Archer, wondering.

"An' she's done lef' a hank to git the heft of 'im when the house needs reg'latin. Now you'll know."

After the laugh that followed this was over, Archer said:

"The shoats I got of you have disappeared. Have you seen 'em on the range?"

One of the boys spoke up: "I 'low you'll find 'em down at Widder Lee's. The old woman hankers for hog meat."

"Widder Lee" was one of the roving females found cooped in an out-house at times, with a brood of children at her tail. She offers to do washing, and does do one's potato patch. After which, irresponsible as the crows and foxes, she disappears.

"I 'low to git up my pig critters," said old Mr. Arnon. "Come over, a hour by sun, and we'll roust 'em up."

Mounted on wire-grass ponies, the two neighbors set out on their search. "Widder Lee are a skittish cow to milk. She most al-

ways kicks over the pail," suggested old Jim. After a few miles' ride, they came to a cabin, the wash-kettles by the lake, and a brood of children about the pen. The kitchen trash was thrown at the door, and left to ferment.

"Mornin, mammy," called out Mr. Arnon, as he approached; "have ye seen any stray shoats usin' long here?"

"Shoats!" said the widow, like one with a grievance. "I seed none. Don't comes a bus-tin' in, messen up a lone lorn widder woman's nice green garding sass."

That garden was a mystery. The whole pen, except an elderberry and a banana, was bare as a board.

"You ort to keep up yer fences," said old Jim. "Look at that gap? I hearn tell the shoats uses about here."

"Hit were a pesky critter as ever I seed," said Widow Lee, sharply.

"I 'low you can tell where it uses now, Widder," said old Jim, "sens you knowed hit."

"Think a lone lorn widder woman can 'ford to fat hogs outer nice green garding sass for you," retorted the widow, getting louder and shriller. "Them's the bones; the meat's done on mine and the chil'urns."

"Come, come, widder," said old Jim, "I don't begrudge a shoat; but them were mine, an' Berkshires to boot."

"Your'n, indeed!" in a creaking treble. "I an't hearn tell as you 'lowed to be the'r mammy. Ye never 'eaned hit, nor sucked hit, nor fatted hit off'n nice green garding sass. Ther' weren't a ha'r, nor a hide, nor a grunt outer hit your'n. I 'low, Jim Arnon, you'll shet yer head 'long o' stray shoats, when you get locked up for liftin' the arrer brand."

Archer did not understand this bold dash of reprisal into the enemy's country, but it evidently disconcerted Arnon, who, muttering something, turned his horse's head and rode off. It recalled to Archer the stranger's inquisitiveness about his neighbor's stock-dealing, but gave no cue to the nature of the interest involved.

The ride through the open pine woods was fragrant with aromatic pungency of the turpentine. The pine is the perfume of nature, whether in the native forest or distilled to ambergris in the fossil of the Baltic. The view, but slightly interrupted by undergrowth, discovered vaulted aisles in every direction, carpeted with the false indigo, discovering islands of cypress, or blue glimpses of lakes in the distance. As they proceeded, they came on a

strong, blue-eyed, curly-haired young fellow carrying a bundle, whom Arnon saluted as Joe Hawkins. Questioned as to his business on the road, he said he was looking out for a job. As the season was 'most over, he thought to find something at the saw-mills on the St. John.

"Joe is your man," said Arnon. "He is good for two Jimbles, and he ain't got no wife to yank him outer a job jes' as he gets sot down to hit."

On this broad hint, Joe was engaged at once, and, leaving his neighbor to follow the wild trail of the stray shoats, Archer returned to the clearing with his new acquisition.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### HOUSE-KEEPING IN THE WOODS.

As we have explained, Archer Philips began by deadening and putting in a crop of sweet-potatoes and cow-peas for food. In season he could add a patch of cane, depending on his neighbor for grinding and boiling. But, all this time, he had no shelter but tent. With the aid of Joe Hawkins, he now set about house-building. As there were no mills in the country he resolved on a log-cabin. This was constructed of young pines, eight inches at the butt, cut of proper lengths for apartments, and stripped of the bark by inserting a sharp spade between it and the wood. Notched and laid in two pens, ten feet apart, he had a double cabin. The rafters were made of pine saplings, the weight of sheathing made of splints and shingles giving a graceful curve like the bamboo-roof of China. The rafters projected out some distance on each side, forming a front and rear porch. There was cut off from the latter a small room that answered for a kitchen. The flooring and shingles were a task. They are split from blocks, of proper length, by a tool called a thorough—pronounced through—a heavy steel blade a foot long, and a socket handle, by which it is adjusted and held, as the wedge-knife is driven by a mallet. The blocks were cut by a hand-saw. The house stood on such bases, two or three feet high, to let the air circulate; splints, instead of puncheon, served for a floor, being dressed and fitted by a drawing-knife. A chimney was made of sticks, plastered by a silicious clay that hardens in the sun. A tract of an acre was inclosed in pickets about the house, and divided into flower-garden and poultry-yard.

After it was built, slips of Cherokee rose were set to form a hedge, and yellow Jasmine

wild honey-suckle, phlox, violet, spiderwort, sensitive plants, passion flower, cypress vine, poinciana, and other native blooms, added to the beauty of the cabin.

In the last Cynthie proved to be a great help. Every evening, in her cow-herding, she came on some pretty wild flower. Encouraged by the example, she made a garden and nursery at home.

Becoming familiar by this time, Archer ventured some suggestions about dress and personal neatness, showing her prints and materials and magazines.

Her attempts were crude enough at first, but Archer, in his own study of the fashions of the frontier, found difficulties enough of his own not to be critical of other neophytes.

She could not make or starch a ruffle; but she could find a bee-tree. Nay, at a glance she could tell if one of the lofty pines would work-up; that is, split in rails, pickets, shingles, by pointing out the interstices in the bark ascending straight up the trunk, or fine ciliate lines in the cortex itself, reflecting the true inner grain of the wood. She could net birds, and had the art, by no means common, of inspiring confidence in them. She brought him a dove once, the most timid of wild birds, she had "picked up." He was incredulous, and attempted to touch it as it stood on her open palm; but, at his approach, it escaped from the window. She believed in the moon as firmly as in the seasons. When the herons came from the swamps, and flew high in the air, she foretold wind. If the heifer snuffed the air, or the swallows skimmed low, or the frogs croaked, she knew it would rain; and with equal faith she believed in the luck-flower, the horse-shoe, and

"Moleunt and dill,  
To hinder witches of their will."

The popular religion was the Dunkers or Dunkers, a species of pedo-Baptists much in vogue. The ministers are earnest, ignorant men, very sincere in their convictions.

Hearing of services to be given at a camp a few miles distant, Archer attended. The sermon was a rude, strong exhortation, of frenzied devotion; after which a hymn was given out—one of those wild, ringing doxologies that may have echoed in Perthland hills or led the Moravian march.

But, above the hoarse male voices and the shriller pipes of the females, one arose rich, round, and of full volume, ascending clear,

even poised above them all, and floating high. The pines, as is their nature, gave back a wild, metallic clangor, distinguishable at early cock-crow, but now a part of the grand diapason of nature's organ. Something in the voice of the singer Archer recognized, but could not fix. He mounted a bench, and, overlooking the worshipers under the leafy awning, caught sight of a head of glossy, dark curls, the hat fallen off.

But, later, the singer turned. It was Cynthie! She saw him, and came through to the pews. A neat calico gown, of simple print, was drawn to her slender waist by a morocco girdle, having a bunch of roses at the corsage, and a few scarlet cypresses in her black curls.

"Ain't I nice, now?" she said, speaking.

"You are, indeed," said Archer, struck by a pretty piquancy he had never observed in her; "but where did you learn to sing?"

"I dun know," said she. "'Long o' the cows, I 'low," and she laughed merrily, showing her white teeth between the scarlet lips; and with a skip and a spring she vaulted into the old ox-cart, to the disappointment of more than one booted and spurred cavalier anxious to wait upon her.

One of these was Joe Hawkins, very uncomfortable in a blue flannel overshirt open at the collar, and showing a white shirt and starched collar below, tied with a blood-red cravat, his legs incased in heavy boots, like petronels.

"That ther' Cynt Arnon are the boss purty girl of this yer settlement"—with an accent on the ultimate—"an she don't put on no biggity airs along of hit, nyther. I 'low ye done seed them yaller complected jillflirts, a holdin' their-selves too good for to stir sass when the pot's a-bilin'."

Archer laughed.

"You can take my bondin' half a Davy of that there, or a whole 'un if ye like. Them gals is nursed by their mammies until they marries; and by their husbands until they has some nussin' o' their'n for to do; and they're al'ys a whinin' and a groanin'. Cynthie's as jolly as a yearlin', and can hoe a row o' H'y'tis agin e'er a man in this yer settle-ment, and not make no bones of hit, nyther."

"She's a good girl," said Archer. "I never saw her cross. She's very obliging."

"In course," said Joe. "You done been a grubbin' (day boarding) 'long o' the ole man; and the ole woman are powerful tryin'. I 'low you mought a been a-buckin' up thar your own

self," added Joe, as if he did not quite like the doubt.

"Oh! no!" stammered Archer, unable to explain why he should not think of the daughters of Heth. "She's—she's too young."

"She air a gwine on seventeen," said Joe, as if that settled her age satisfactorily; "and as skittish as e'er a heredick. I'd like for to put my brand on the heifer."

"I wish you luck, Joe," said Archer. "Cynthia'll be hard to round up and pen in a bunch of cattle."

"Tain't no use a teeterin' about a gal, 'long as yer mind's done set. I 'low to put in time shortly," and he turned to follow the cart.

He came home with a jeremiad: "Derned of every cow-whip in the county weren't at old Jim's," he grumbled. "Cynthia didn't sass none on 'em. Jis' sot as if she'd done tuk root agin the back stoop. Young Jim were a showin' of a powder horn o' his'n, Cynt had done carved a buck's head on to hit. We was a rubbin' our noses a peekin' at hit, a swearin' hit were the very spit o' a buck we'd done killed in the cypress, 'n' Cynt up with that little gopher brother o' hern an' lit out for the cows, and we never knowin' a dern thing."

"I 'lowed she mought be a passin'," he continued.

"Yes," said Archer, "she has passed on, going home."

"Cuss the luck!" muttered Joe, and left.

Archer was glad to be alone. It is not in the hard labor of such an undertaking the hours of depression come. It is in the enforced leisure the question recurs, What is it all worth? He had heard from Judith. She wrote pleasant gossiping letters; but now he felt that no gain could ever compensate for the loss of her. Nor had he been perfectly frank with Joe. He had had an interview with Cynthia that very morning; but, somehow, when he reflected, the story would not tell well.

To the native American cooking is natural so long as he sticks to nature and camp methods. He can boil grits or rice; roast venison on a sharpened stick, and make coffee. But in the kitchen he is lost. Archer proposed to celebrate his house warming with a batch of dough. Now if he had made slapjacks, stirring flour, water, salt, lard with a spoon, to be cooked on a hot griddle, he might have achieved success. But the rash man undertook to make a batch of dough by the receipt of a cook-book.

He stirred in the elements, and then putting his hands in the tray, began to knead it. Nat-

urally he was limed. The adhesive paste stuck to his fingers in long stringlets. Attempting to use the other hand, he found them both snared. His nose itched dreadfully; but he dared not scratch it for fear of the fate of the old woman of the three wishes, with a pudding at the end of her proboscis. In his desperation he started to the lake to try the virtue of water and sand, when he met Cynthia and her cows. It was too late for retreat; his helpless state was manifest.

"Why don't you rub 'em'off in flour?" asked the amazed girl.

"Flour!" exclaimed Archer, feeling that flour was the *hinc illæ lacryme*.

"Yes, sir," said Cynthia. "I'll show you." And she did disentangle him, by the simple plan of rubbing his hands in flour-dust. She laughed cheerily, and "'lowed" he didn't know much about dough. To which he muttered that he did think that he "was a better bread man than he appeared to her." But she kneaded the dough, greased the pan, and put it in the oven before she left him.

It will be seen Archer was a bold investigator in the natural sciences. He tells another story of himself, that, having learned to wash his own shirts in that early period, he became disgusted with their limp, flaccid appearance. He mixed a paste and attempted to starch them; but he swears he made such a mess of it, when he got through, he did not know whether to iron and wear them or bake and eat them, they looked so like ripe dough.

#### CHAPTER V.

##### THE TROUBLES GROWING OUT OF AN OX-TEAM.

Among the necessities required by Philips was draught cattle. Florida is not a cereal but a sugar-making country. Open pine land will make ten bushels of corn to the acre, which sells in market at one dollar per bushel. Imported northern corn is the same. Other crops pay better, and it is economy even now in South Florida to buy the northern grains. The ration of twenty pounds of corn and thirty pounds of hay or fodder to a northern horse that must be fed daily would require a larger area of cultivation than the natural soil requires. But the steer, where there is a range, feeds itself, and without other fattening is put on the beef market. A horse, fit better for the knocker's yard, was valued at \$150 to \$200 for the plow; a yoke of steers, \$50 to \$60. Archer bought the steers, and protested it was the

curse of his existence. They were small animals—pony steers—Buck and Dick; both red, and pretty matches in color and size. There the likeness ended. Buck was a steady, even-tempered, broad-minded buck, with some conception of the narrow limitation of bad manners. He seemed lethargic, to watch him chewing the cud, while Dick pawed around, lowing and getting over the tongue; but he was a philosopher. Necessary work must be done, but superfluous skylarking was calfy. One look at his great, Juno, quiet eyes was restful; a comprehensive lesson to the frivolous. When Dick got at his capers, Buck would turn his handsome head and shoulders to him, and say, as plainly as an ox can speak, "What a fool you are making of yourself!"

But Buck had his fault. He was an adept in psychology; he was *en rapporte* with Archer, and knew his plans. If, for example, Archer meant to plow Thursday, Buck would range quietly about the place till Wednesday afternoon. At cow-penning time Buck was missing, and Dick, of course, always ready to do wrong. It might be a day or a week before they were found; but Buck took it all quietly, while his mate kicked and ran.

Archer would lay awake of nights listening for the cow-bell. His ear got so trained he could hear the tinkle of Buck's bell, over the long levels, four miles off. But he swears Buck found him out, and would lie still in his covert, never moving his head, lest that trinket on his cravat betrayed him, until Archer stumbled over the pair.

But he got his grove plowed, and bought one hundred wild bitter-sweet orange-trees for budding. The bitter-sweet is the wild, native orange, springing up in the hammocks. The boot, as the broadening of the petiole is called, may be a trifle broader, and the dissepiments of the fruit vary from nine to ten, while in the sweet orange there are eleven; the sour, thirteen to fifteen.

He laid off his grove, diamond shape, on a base of twenty-five feet, erecting a perpendicular of twenty-one and a half feet at the middle, extending the same distance each side, and staked at the extremities. These, connected to the ends of the base, form an exact diamond, whose sides are twenty-five feet long. The square method loses ground, sometimes utilized by a lemon or grape fruit in the center, called *col-quattro*. He fertilized in setting out, making a socket with the hoe-handle for the tap-root, and drawing the fine earth to the spongiolos

by watering each layer of earth added till it was filled. By this method his trees never cast a leaf.

His nursery, set out in the rainy season, was thrifty and numbered a thousand trees. His pea and potato crop, put out too late, did not do so well; but his fall garden of cabbage, turnips, Irish potatoes, tomatoes, okra, Lima-beans, and roasting-ear corn was coming up thrifitly. He had added some monthly roses and cape jessamines to his garden, and crowned the center with a poinciana, whose spike of scarlet flowers with gilt edging and bird-of-paradise plumes for stamen and pistils, made it an ornamental center piece. He had a five-year-old grove of bitter-sweets, transplants, that would be ready to bud in the next season; all the result of six months' hard, steady work. His few cows and poultry made the place home-like, and gave him eggs and milk with little labor.

He had hunted and fished very little, though game was abundant; venison, or bear-meat five cents a pound; turkeys twenty-five cents; and smaller game, ducks, squirrels, partridges, a friendly gift. One monthly tax was the journey to Mellonville for flour, sugar, coffee, mess-pork or bacon for cooking. The neighbors called the last plainly, grease. He had tried colored labor for a short time; but in a few days' absence they consumed a four-gallon can of leaf-lard, and butter, flour, and meats in proportion. He had no prejudice; but their labor was a luxury he could not afford.

In his last journey, after some shrewd calculation, he had bought a fishing-tackle, a skiff, and ammunition. His steers got off in the flatwoods of the St. John's on this trip, and, having no horse, he was three days plowing through the "bayous" and cypress swamps before he found them. As a consequence he dismissed the blacks, got his boat in the water, and went to bed, where he lay two days unnoticed. The third morning was his chill-day. He waked in that dull, apathetic pain that precedes the paroxysm, his head throbbing with quinine. In a feeble way he thought of preparing food, when his chamber door opened and Cynthy walked in.

"Oh, my!" she said, at the sight of his drawn, bearded face and uncombed hair. "I 'lowed some'hin' were the marter, 'long o' not seein' of you stirrin' around."

"Thank you, Cynthy," said he; "I thought if I did not get better I would ask you to request your father to come over."

"Ther' hain't no use a-pestering of pap," said the girl, briskly, "I'm here. You just tuck yourself in, an' I'll fix yer grub."

He was too weak to remonstrate about proprieties to this simple creature; he succumbed. After an interval a stir in the room aroused him. A cup of hot tea, brown cake, new milk, and eggs, smoked on the table. Cynthy stood at the foot of the bed, studying him as if he was a work of art. Suddenly she exclaimed, "La! I know;" and going to the wash-stand, picked up a moist sponge. It puzzled her a minute; but she made her usual exclamation, "La! I've seen 'em whar they growed. I 'low this is what it are fur," and she passed it lightly over his face, drying it with a towel.

"Thanks, Cynthy; now if you would hand me the comb," said he.

But Cynthy took the task out of hand, and straightened out his unkempt locks very lightly.

When she saw him breakfasting she explained, "I knowed them sassy niggers war gone, and I 'lowed you mought be sick-a-bed. Bub, he's a-watching 'long o' the calves. I 'low I must go drive 'em furder; but I'll come back agin' an hour, to 'low if you don't want nothin'."

"Never mind, Cynthy," said he. "Ask your father or mother to come over this afternoon."

"Pap's done gone to cou't, and mam's a complainin'; but la! taint no trouble. I'll be 'long by'm bye," and she left him.

But Cynthy's movements were growing to be of too much interest to others to give her a monopoly of nursing. Joe Hawkins walked in that afternoon and set down his gun, intimating that he had come to stay. Cynthy, however, was too positive and blunt a young lady to let Joe, or any one, supplant her altogether.

"Git out o' dis yer kitchen," she said, "or I'll pin a dish clout to your tail, Joe Hawkins. Ef yer weren't sich a dratted no-count gopher, you'd git a squirrel for him. I 'low you can kill a chicken, but you ain't tried, for to make him soup-sass."

Joe, at this hint, killed the chicken and lounged back into the bed-room. "I 'low she are the dead straightest forrardeest little critter as were ever wrapped in caliker," he commented to Archer. "She's as sor in her way as if she were ninety. I 'low it'll go hard with the family of the cou't levies on all old Jim's cattle."

"Why, what's the matter?" asked Archer.

"It are a long story, and mixed of a muchness," said Joe. "There were a man named Browder as kep' a store down on To-ho-poke-li-ga; and him and old Jim traded for supplies, 'long o' ole Jim's cowboys. There weren't no settlement, though old Jim 'lows things was about square. But Browder, he had done got in debt to a feller in Savannah fur them ther' supplies; and he comes down on Browder, a-claimin' of old Jim's cattle. Now old Jim had two brands; his old woman's stock, and his'n; and his'n were that he had part traded to Browder. But the cou't comes in and 'lows as there weren't no writin's, and old Jim owns up hit are a j'est debt, that the creditors is bound to snatch what they kin, 'cordin' to contrac' wi' Browder. It comes o' that, depities are a scoutin' aroun' a pickin' up cattle permiskis, 'specially old Jim's. An' old Jim 'lows ef e'er a man lifts his stock he 'lows for to try range law agin' cou't law. Now, old Jim are got a powerful bunch of friends that don't skeer at a calf; and he have bossed the county, cou't or no cou't, these twenty year."

"I should think they would be afraid," said Archer, brought up in wholesome awe of the law.

"Them boys don't skeer worth a cuss," said Joe. "An' 'low me for to say—I've been in the army and outen the army, and in the range and outen the range—that ther' man as is a downright coward, he ain't 'merican, or I hain't seen him."

At this moment Cynthy's voice, in high accents, interrupted:

"Joe Hawkins, y'aint got no more sense ner a water-turkey, peeked up on a stick over the lake, a spreadin' of his wings and a lookin' at his own self in the shadder, as if he were jist stepped outen a silver dollar. Do you 'low wher' the sun are?"

"Well, Cynthy," said Joe, good-humoredly, "I 'low it are in the sky. Ther' ain't no chunk outen hit drapped down, my saddlebags!"

"You 'low you're mighty smart with your sass," said the irate Cynthy, "a scallerin' and whallerin' yer sassy tongue agin' a man as has a shake an hour by sun, an' jis' a comin' on. You git."

Joe blushed, but gave way to Cynthy and her bundle of blankets. She spread them over her patient and tucked him in, her brow puckered all the time with a recollection of Joe Hawkins' stupid chatter, drew down the curtains, and closed herself and Joe out.

"Now," she said, "ef you 'low you got gumption for to hold your gab, and see if ye ain't a hearin' any thing inside, I'll go fur the calves. Min ain't much account, no ways, but I 'low you can do that, or I'll send Bud."

Joe protested strict obedience, but immedi-

ately began some flattering confidences on his own account, from which Cynthy slipped away, laughing and showing her teeth, as she protested her head was like a water-gap, that "kep' nothin' out nor in."

*Will Wallace Harney.*

[CONCLUDED IN AUGUST.]

### OUR BROOKSIDE BIRDS.

**I**F the enthusiastic student of nature often finds his way lying in rough places, with ugly obstacles opposing his progress, he has also his intervals of delightful experience, across which he moves with the facility of the gay wild things that are the objects of his inquiry. His labors, sometimes arduous and profitless for days together, will now and again suddenly open up new fields of observation and interest where apparently the ground has been long ago thoroughly explored and exhausted. Nature is, in fact, exhaustless; at every turn she is suggestive, and the trained observer catches her meanings, no matter how fleeting, with a dexterity most pleasing to be master of. It is this adept in fact-gathering who gets the real poetry of things. Your idle dreamer, your

"Idle singer of an empty day,"

is not the true poet any more than he is the true naturalist. Science and poetry are not the equivalents of each other, nor are they very closely related; but both are shaped and enriched, colored and perfumed with truth. Scientists, however, in their rush after facts have at times appeared to forget that beauty is just as much a fact as any in their catalogues. Indeed, why should not the song of the mocking-bird and the matchless coloring of the belted kingfisher be of equal value with the tongue of the woodpecker or the stomach of the cuckoo? Comparative anatomy is a noble science; but that does not signify that the love of the beautiful and the picturesque is the less noble and ennobling.

Let us go down by the brook for a day's study of the birds that haunt the neighborhood of running water. Leave the fly-rod and the rest of your fishing-tackle at home, for we shall not care to worry the bass or perch today. We are going to be on our slyest and

stealthiest behavior, our object being to take all nature unawares, and to make fugitive notes of what we see. Not the slightest movement of any bird shall go unobserved.

What I mean, when I say brook, is a stream too small to be called a river, and too large to be classed among insignificant water-courses—the average mill-stream, for instance, from fifteen to forty feet in width, and shallow enough to be waded at its "riffles," is my ideal brook. It is deep and blue and still here; shoal, rapid, and noisy yonder. At one place it has high bluff banks of clay, at another its water is flush with its grassy margin; it flashes here, it darkles there, it threads the woods and winds across the meadows, bearing all kinds of drift on its bosom from a catkin to a dead butterfly, and wherever it goes, in shade or sheen, it looks glad and cheerful. It is a good companion, babbling sweetly, and all the time sending up through the air a freshness and coolness not to be found elsewhere.

The birds of our American brooks are not numerous, the two most usually met being the green heron (*Butorides virescens*) and the belted kingfisher (*Ceryle alcyon*), beautiful and interesting as the shores and the waters they haunt. From Florida far up into Canada, wherever fresh, sweet brooks bubble, or clear, still lakes and ponds exist, these two little fellows may be found hovering about, striking droll attitudes, and uttering their harsh but not unpleasing cries.

But it is not my purpose to generalize much, or to deal with mere descriptions. Here is a belted kingfisher's nest; let us examine it. True, in order to reach it we shall have to dig five or six feet into this stiff clay bank, for our gay king of the brook, despite his clean, delicate silken plumage, and notwithstanding the tender and fanciful beauty of his coloring, is almost equal to a mole when it comes to

## OUR BROOKSIDE BIRDS.

burrowing in the earth. A round or somewhat oval hole in an almost perpendicular wall of clay, just above high-water mark and overlooking the stream, is the entrance to the palace of aleyon. A gloomy looking hall, indeed, leading to a gloomier and more dismal room far within.

It is humiliating to contemplate this degraded home of so noble and beautiful a bird; but aleyon comes forth from its earthy burrow as clean and bright as if from a lady's band-box instead. I have watched, during the nesting season, the ingoing and outgoing, and it has been very interesting to note with what precision the bird will enter the small orifice, striking into it at full flight without any perceptible pause. It has occurred to me that far in the future, millions of years hence, if geologists discover fossil remains of any of our birds imbedded in stone or clayey rock, the kingfisher will be one of the commonest specimens. How easy for this bird to be caught in his nest as in a trap (by the roof of his den falling on him, or by the exit becoming stopped up) and there held for all time! Singularly enough, however, the fossil remains of birds found in the rocks of America, although a large per cent of them indicate aquatic or semi-aquatic species, present no probable prototype of the kingfisher or other burrowing bird, while in Europe a single eocene relic represents their aleyon. This may indicate a comparatively recent origin for our bird, assuming that certain fossil species are of kin to others of our living families. For instance, a bird related to the woodpeckers of to-day has been found in a fossil state, imbedded in the lower tertiary of Wyoming Territory. No doubt this specimen, if it had woodpecker habits, was killed by the falling of the tree in which its nest-cavity had been dug, and its remains, imprisoned in the log, were buried by some natural means, the bones to be exhumed thousands of years later to enrich the museum of Yale College! It would seem probable that if the kingfisher, with its present nest-building habits, had existed very long, we should be able to find fossil remains of it in our tertiary deposits, even though no traces of non-burrowing birds contemporaneous with it could be any where discovered. Be this as it may, our aleyon takes great risks of such an entombment as would be extremely favorable to the preservation of his bony structure in fossil form.

The kingfisher of North America presents two species, *C. aleyon*, or belted kingfisher, and

*C. Americana carbanisi*, or the green kingfisher of Texas and Mexico; the latter species is much the smaller, and is marked with green instead of blue. The belted aleyon may be taken as the American type. It is always to be heard, laughing as it flies along the brook's way, or sits on some bough above the water watching for a chance to pounce upon a minnow. Its habit of plunging into clear water to strike its prey is in perfect accord with its physical structure. The weight of its head, the length and strength of its bill, the conformation of its wings when nearly closed, and the peculiar oil that covers its feathers, rendering them wholly impervious, fit it for its expert work. One is well repaid for an hour's faithful watching if at the end one sees aleyon strike. What a beautiful missile he makes of himself hurled point foremost down into the shimmering water! He falls like a blue flash—a ray of cerulean light—hitting the brook right in the face with a liquid sound, between a swash and a plunge, peculiarly striking—once heard never forgotten—not at all similar to the leaping of a bass or the "chug" of a frog. If he is successful he rises, dry and sleek, from the water, with a fish between his mandibles, and alights on some convenient bough where he may swallow the unfortunate prey at leisure. Sitting thus aleyon gives to a soft background of summer leaves, a touch of color which the artist may try in vain to imitate. What the bluebird is to our hedgerows and fences, the kingfisher is to our brooks and rivulets, a restless wavering flake of sky-substance straying up and down the gentle currents of our sweetest seasons. He never appears entirely content with himself or his surroundings, but keeps his crest in a ruffled state, as if just on the point of doing something either quite important or very absurd. One never feels sure whether one should class aleyon's manners as very elegant or extremely comical. Those short legs, that long body and that disproportionately large head, with its spear-like bill, do not lack much of embodying the ludicrous, and yet the fine plumage and matchless color-masses, the gleam and glint, the splendor of his kingly robe just save him to royalty and dignity.

The green heron (*Butorides virescens*) is not fortunate in making friends. All over the United States it is the butt of vulgar jokes, and has been given all sorts of outlandish and outrageous names; still it is a remarkably beautiful little heron, almost as gayly colored as the kingfisher, and of a more striking form.

A graceful wader, it may be seen in the shoals and on the "riffles" of our brooks, curving its long, slender neck like a serpent and warily seeking an opportunity to spear frog or crayfish. A fine bit of water-color, indeed, would be a life-like sketch of a green heron standing half-leg deep in clear water against a background of variegated aquatic weeds. With the thought comes a vision of floating lilies and dark-green pads, clots of water-lettuce and rafts of floating grass, a breeze from the Gulf of Mexico, and over yonder the outlying fringes of the mysterious everglades!

The green heron, as his technical name implies, is almost a bittern; in fact he is often mistaken for the least bittern (*Ardeota exilis*), a much smaller bird whose coloring is not near so fine. Without going into a detailed description, the following points will serve to identify *Butorides virescens*: crown, crest, and narrow plumes of the back rich dark green, wider dorsal feathers bluish, wing-coverts green edged with yellowish-brown, under parts ashy brown shading into white in the ventral region, wings green edged with pure white, bill green-black above, yellowish below, iris bright amber, legs greenish-yellow; length 17 inches, alar extent 24.75 inches. It builds low in a tree or in a thicket of willow or hazel, making a curious flat wattle-work of sticks upon which it deposits from four to six beautiful pale-green eggs. This heron has all the peculiarities of its family accentuated and exaggerated to a remarkable degree. In flying it sometimes coils or rather folds its long neck into a knot on its breast and shoulders; at other times it thrusts it out stiffly to its full extent, when, with its legs protruding behind, it looks not unlike a flying snake. Its incomparably delicate pencilings of color do not show to good effect at a distance, and its odd attitudes and hoarse, rough voice have led the casual observer to regard it with contempt.

I once had the good fortune to watch a pair of green herons build their rude sketch of a nest in a scrubby willow. The male and female worked alike, carrying sticks of considerable size from what must have been a quite distant point, judging from the length of time they were absent on each trip. They often came and went together, and on coming with a stick they would invariably describe two circles in the air around the willow before alighting to work the material into the nest. I was hidden within a rod of their prospective home, and I shall never forget their apparent

surprise and consternation when at last they discovered me. Their long slim necks were instantly strained to the last degree of tenuity, their great yellow eyes distended and flashing, the feathers on their shoulders and crowns turned up raggedly, their wings akimbo and their legs as straight as arrows! For a moment they glared at me, then, with some guttural exclamations of fright, they leaped into the air and flew off.

When feeding, the green heron is a picture of savage cunning and stealth. With a common small opera-glass I watched one, on a fine June morning, spearing minnows. Its method was extremely interesting. A shoal of minute minnows appeared to be finding food in a small shallow pool on the brook's edge whence, at the least notice, they would dart into the deeper water. The heron had crept up under cover of a small greenish, water-washed boulder, to within striking distance of the pool, where he crouched in a gracefully expectant attitude ready for a spring. I could see the smoldering glow of his yellow eyes as he peered and leered from behind his cover. Slowly, waveringly, the shadowy cloud of minnows went along in the still water, drawing nearer and nearer to the point of danger. By degrees the heron leaned forward and then there was a green flash, a liquid noise and a dead minnow. A steel spring could not have acted more quickly or surely. This operation was repeated often, the bird patiently awaiting the return of its prey.

The herons are by no means insectivorous in the common meaning of the word, but I once saw *B. virescens* kill and eat a large dragonfly that chanced to light within its reach.

The great blue heron (*Ardea herodias*) is often found on our inland brooks than a casual observer would believe. He is very wary and shy, choosing those places where the streams run through dark woods or wild marshes, keeping a sharp lookout for the approach of man and flying away at the least suspicion of danger. He is popularly called blue crane, though he is chief in America of his sub-family *Ardeinae* or true herons. Neither Wilson nor Audubon, in the colored plates they have made of this bird, gives a fair picture of the species. So far as characteristic attitude is concerned, Mrs. Fanny Elliot Gifford has made the best drawing I have seen.

On account of the grand scale upon which the great heron operates, its habits are difficult of observation. For instance, I knew one whose

## CUSTER AT THE SURRENDER.

feeding range was twelve miles from its nest! In Florida, where many species of heron congregate in certain wooded places, I have seen the trees loaded with their great flat, loose stick nests, built on every eligible branch from root to top. The marshes of the Kankakee in Illinois and Indiana are, next to the great Southern swamps and everglades, the best feeding grounds for the herons that I know of.

It is along our brooks, however, that the student of nature may see our herons to most picturesque advantage and without the trouble of wading through miles of mud and jungles of marsh weeds, and grasses. Paleontologists have not been able to throw much light upon the antiquity of the heron family. Some fossil fragments have been doubtfully referred to it by Professors Fraas and Owen. These are merely a *tibia* and the fragment of a *sternum* together with some bones exhumed in France. In recent peat-bogs, however, the skeletons of herons and bitterns are quite common.

The snowy heron (*Garzetta candidissima*) is another strikingly notable bird of our summer

brooks, especially south of the Ohio River. He may be seen, cool and white as a big flake of snow, flitting along the sinuous way of a stream among the green trees, a ghost-like apparition, indeed, as he crosses the spaces of deep shade. The nest of this species is found as far north as Michigan, but its favorite breeding grounds are the gloomy cypress swamps of the far South, especially around the coast of Florida and the other Gulf States.

Besides the aquatic birds, in the hot season nearly every species of our common wild birds haunt the neighborhood of brooks, going there for bathing purposes and to feast upon the insects attracted by the moisture. The turtle dove, the robin, the blue-jay, the cardinal gross-beak, the thrushes, and many other birds are much given to the bath, showing great adroitness in dashing the water up with their wings so as to create a genuine spray-shower. Many of them fall prey to the turtles, minks, weasels, and snakes that infest the heaps of driftwood, the stony pools and the hollows of the banks.

*Maurice Thomson.*

## CUSTER AT THE SURRENDER.

THE night of the 2d of April, 1865, was a memorable one in the annals of the Army of Northern Virginia. In obedience to an order from headquarters, the troops composing the long but decimated line of Lee's army, stretching a distance of nearly thirty miles—from the Mechanics turnpike, on the north side of James River, to a point on the Petersburg and Weldon Railroad south of Petersburg—were ordered to prepare three day's rations of cooked food and to hold themselves in readiness to march at a moment's notice.

All along the line strict silence was commanded, but the scene was touching in the extreme. The hearts of the brave fellows who had so long like a wall of fire stood around Richmond sank within them. They saw the hand-writing on the wall, and knew this move was preliminary to the evacuation of the capital of the Confederacy, and many gave vent to their feelings in tears, albeit before unused to the melting mood. But no time was to be lost. Fort Harrison, in our front, horrid with heavy ordnance and supported by Burnside's corps, might belch forth its chained lightning

at any moment, and not only compel a halt but overwhelm us. Ewell's corps, of which we write, was depleted by death and desertion and possessed but little of its former strength.

At midnight all was in readiness, and without so much as a drum-tap we fell into line, leaving our tents standing in grim and solitary loneliness, with no occupant save the piles of manufactured tobacco, with which the Confederate Government, in lieu of provisions, had supplied us bountifully. The corps took up its line of march for a point just beyond Drewry's Bluff. Arriving there we made no halt, but at once crossed the James over a pontoon bridge without accident of any kind.

Having silently and successfully executed this movement, and put the river between us and our foe, we were halted and told to stack arms. Just as many a poor fellow had fallen asleep, he was startled by a roar

"Which seemed to shake  
The pillars of this globe opaque."

Instantly every man, asleep or awake, sprang to his feet and stood to his arms. The impres-

sion upon all minds was, "the Philistines be upon us," without, however, realizing the confidence and strength which invested the Scripture hero. The cause was soon explained. It was the blowing up of an immense iron-clad which had long guarded the channel of the James River near Drewry's Bluff, and was thus disposed of to prevent its falling into the hands of the enemy. The writer heard the thunder of Cold Harbor and Malvern Hill, but for volume of sound and infernal noise this certainly surpassed all previous experience. An approximate idea of its force may be formed when it is stated that window-glass a mile away was shattered and houses shaken. The appalling flash which followed the explosion left many of us who were awake at the time blind as bats for a few seconds.

Having re-formed, we resumed our march in the direction of Amelia Court-house. During the third, fourth, and fifth days of our retreat no enemy was visible, but rumors of his near approach floated every where. Meanwhile, hunger, an enemy which had not been absent from the Confederate camp for nearly a year, was becoming now not only bold and aggressive, but ferocious. We had exhausted our meager supply of meat and bread and parched corn, and it began to be quite trying to one's patriotism. What we dreaded the day before we now began to crave—the appearance of the enemy. Imprisonment or death in battle was better than starvation, while victory would mean an abundance of food. We did not wait long. About 2 p.m., April 6th, a Federal battery was seen unlimbering to our left, about a half mile away. A minute after a shell came whizzing over us; another, "nearer and deadlier than before," exploded in the midst of us and wounded severely Corporal Whitehead, of my company. We were ordered to lie down—and it is amazing how flat even a two-hundred-pounder can make himself under such circumstances, and yet how mountainous he imagines himself to be.

Soon we hear the notes of a cavalry bugle. How merrily it sings! how defiant its tones! how martial the strains as the gentle south wind brings its cadence to our ears! It is no stranger to us, for its strains we have heard before, and we know their meaning. It is

Custer's trumpeter rallying his dashing squadrons to the headlong charge. We fall back to the foot of the hill to receive it. A Georgia brigade reinforces us. On, on they come, as though on pleasure bent. The sharp clang of sabers is heard as they fly from the scabbards. A moment more they flash in the sunlight magnificently. The enemy ascends the summit of the hill and dash on us. We pour in a deadly and appalling volley, and thirty brave fellows fall from their saddles. The conflict is short, sharp, and decisive, and the gallant Custer and his squadron fall back before overwhelming numbers as gaily and gallantly as they came. But the lines are closing around us, and the Confederacy was in its death throes. Four hours later and the bloody conflict of Sailor's Creek closes the last chapter in its melancholy history.

Nearly all of Ewell's corps are captured. Oh, the anguish of the hour! We saw surrendered eighteen battle-flags which bore upon their tattered folds the historic names of Manassas, Cold Harbor, the Wilderness, and Spottsylvania Court-house. Wait! Every cloud has its silver lining. The next morning, after a refreshing slumber on the sweetest of all beds—the bare ground—we are again marshalled in line. Down that line came General Custer. By his yellow hair and boyish face he is known to all of us. Near the center of the line he turns to his band and orders it to play "Dixie." As the marvelous strains of the Confederate war-song floated in liquid sweetness around us and over us, we break into tumultuous cheering. General Custer waves his hat, and a thousand gallant soldiers in blue dash their caps in the air.

Such was General Custer in the presence of a conquered foe. Here might the artist have found his inspiration for "Custer's Last Rally," and the Southern poet who wrote

"The nations of the earth shall know  
That love, not hate, alone can glow  
In soldier-hearts by valor tried  
On many a field, and this our pride,  
When heroes of the Blue and Gray  
Shall each to each due homage pay,  
And scorn with all their martial souls  
The cowards base and venal ghouls  
Who shunned the conflict they had bred,  
And live but to malign the dead."

*A Confederate Soldier.*

## FAITH.

What thing is faith? Ask thou the gleesome boy,  
Who for the first time breasts the buoyant wave;  
'T is faith that leads him with adventurous joy  
To follow where they plunge, his comrades brave.  
Ask thou the poor, who eats and drinks and sleeps,  
And loves and hates and hopes, and fears and prays,  
Fishes and fowls, work-day and Sabbath keeps,  
And, where life's sign-post points his path, obeys.

Or ask the sage, with subtle-searching looks,  
Well trained all things in heaven and earth to scan;  
Or ask the scholar, primed with Greekish books;  
All live by faith of what is best in man.  
Or him, sharp-eyed, with fine atomic science,  
The loves and hates of lively dust pursuing,  
Who tortures Nature with all strange appliance  
To drag to light the secret of her doing.

Ask thou the captain, who with guess sublime  
Mapped forth new worlds on his night-watching pillow,  
And saw in vision a fresh start of time,  
Big with grand hopes beyond the Atlantic billow.  
Ask thou the soldier, who on bristling lances  
Rushes undaunted, breathing valorous breath,  
And, where his leader cheers him on, advances  
To glorious victory o'er huge heaps of death.

Or ask the patriot, who, when foes were strong  
And faithless friends had sold their rights for pelf,  
Waits till harsh need and shame rouse the base throng  
Into the high-souled echo of himself.  
Ask thou the statesman, when the infuriate mob  
Brays senseless vetoes on his wisest plans;  
Unmoved he stands, his bosom knows no throb,  
His eye the calm evolving future scans.

Or ask the martyr, who, when tyrants tear  
His quivering flesh, with calm assurance dies;  
Sweet life he loves, but scorns to breath an air  
Drugged with the taint of soul-destroying lies.  
In such know faith—faith or in man or God,  
In thine own heart, or tried tradition's stream;  
'T is one same sun that paints the flowery sod  
And shoots from pole to pole the quickening beam.

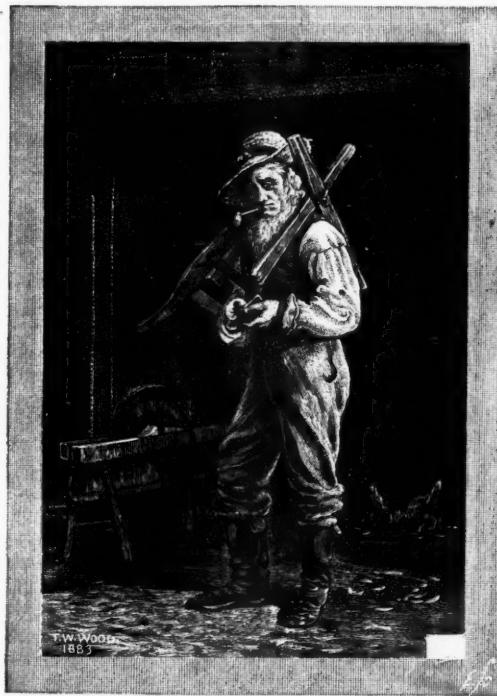
God is the Power which shapes this pictured scene,  
Soul of all creatures, substance of all creeds,  
Faith, intuition quick, and instinct keen  
To know His voice and follow where He leads.

*John Stuart Blackie, in Cassell for June.*

## WHAT AMERICAN ART EXHIBITIONS ARE DOING.

IT is strange that the South has not found expression for any of its exuberance of sentiment in art; that is, in painting or sculpture. It seems a little contradictory that the artists of America should have been drawn for the most part from the harder and more practical type of the New Englander. Of course there are natural causes, and artificial causes as well,

that have led to this condition; but until one stops to analyze them it would seem almost a paradox that the culture and idealism of the ante-bellum South gave no impulse in the direction of this form of estheticism. The reasons why they did not, however, are on slight reflection sufficiently apparent. Certainly, within the past decade, there has come about a new feeling in such matters which has as yet not permeated very deeply or very widely, but which has taken a firm hold, and which will grow as the South grows with its new social conditions and surroundings. The war, with all its bitterness, served to make North and South more homogeneous than ever before, and to-day Massachusetts and Mississippi have a more direct influence upon each other than in years gone by. So the progress of art toward the South has become marked, and largely through the influence of the great expositions. The Southern people have been brought face to face with a form of culture that was hitherto almost unknown to the



THOMAS W. WOODS.—LET'S HAVE A SMOKE.\*

masses, the value of which the masses were quick to apprehend. Certainly there is no lack of the art instinct in the South; the intelligence has always been there, and what was lacking was the impulse and the education.

It may, indeed, truthfully be said that it is only within the past ten years that American art has come to hold its proper position before the world. The American artist, while he still suffers in the competition with his foreign brethren, and even in that with his compatriots who dwell in foreign lands, is no longer an obscure member of society. He holds his own rank here at home, and is gradually recognized as not necessarily inferior to the man whose pictures have the enviable distinction of having passed through the custom-house, where a disreputable tax gives them an additional fictitious value if they are inferior, and imposes an unjust burden upon them if they are good. With all the boasted Americanism of Americans, we are mighty worshipers of what bears a foreign stamp, and in no respect are we more unintelligently so than in the matter of picture buying. But gradually the frauds practiced by the importing dealers have been exposed and have had their legitimate effect, and, which is more important, gradually the real value of American art has come to be appreciated, as the public has been educated to discriminate for itself as to the merits of the pictures it buys. There is still room for vast improvement in this direction; but the progress is steady, and the prospect encouraging. It is a noteworthy fact and a prominent one, that

\*Engraved from the original in possession of the Polytechnic Society, Louisville. ( 79 )

year by year the grade of the work seen in the prominent exhibitions of this country grows higher. The work becomes more characteristic of the country; American subjects are more popular with the young artists, who have learned to see in their surroundings objects for artistic treatment. Each National Academy exhibition shows an improvement upon its predecessor, as is natural, since artistic knowledge grows, and since new men are added every year who, having acquired the best instruction that the schools of Europe offer, return home to develop their powers in their native land.

The most hopeful feature of American art is its virility. The motive to paint is derived from Nature, and not from a school or a mas-

shown at L'Ecole des Beaux Arts. Italian art is effeminate, and German art is mostly devoted to dextrous treatment. America alone seems to be growing and to be full of promise, since the young American artists take Nature as their model. It has come to be generally admitted that American landscape painters rank with those of any land. I believe that as a class they surpass the landscape painters of either England or France. We have no great impressionist like Corot, but we have Inness, and Wyant, and Swain Gifford, who give us not only the spirit of a scene, but the scene itself, sacrificing none of the poetry there is in Nature, while they adhere to Nature's lines. Who is there in Europe who better knows the many moods of the vast ocean than



W. HAMILTON GIBSON.—REMINISCENCE OF THE HOUSATONIC.

ter, while the technical knowledge obtained from schools and masters is turned to good account in adherence to Nature. The condition of art in nearly every country of Europe today illustrates how apt is the school to degenerate into mere method, how easy it is for mere technique to become the inspiration to paint. In Paris cleverness of handling was the prominent characteristic of the Salon just closed. In London the recent exhibition at the Grosvenor was strong almost exclusively in portraits. Mr. Labouchere writes, in *Truth*: "In landscapes and sea-pieces the exhibition is desperately weak." In *genre* pictures and ideal creations the show seems to have been equally barren. The most important exhibition given recently in Paris was a collection of portraits

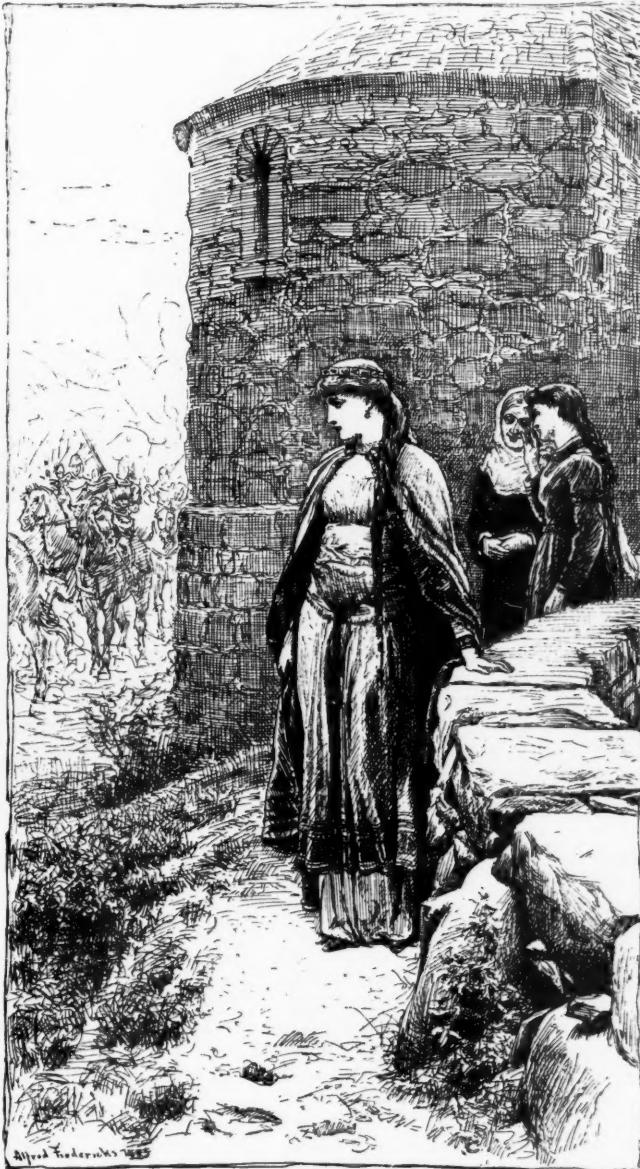
does De Haas? In portrait painting there are Eastman Johnson, Benoni Irwin, Daniel Huntington, and a host of others. Distinguished men who have gone to their long homes are Mathew H. Jouett, who lived at Lexington, Ky., Elliott Le Clear, and chief of all, Gilbert Stuart. These left great names, while men of rare promise are every day appearing. It must be remembered that art in America is young. The oldest school in this country was only established in 1802—the National Academy is its legitimate successor—and through many vicissitudes it struggled till at last it gained a firm foundation. But it is within ten years that the greatest strides have been made in painting, and though the growth began longer ago than that, it is within ten years that the pub-

lic, outside of a few Eastern cities, has learned to know the value of art as a social factor. The attitude of the people themselves has changed, and now there is for the first time in the history of America something like a great art public. Not only does this apply to painting and sculpture, but to decorative art, to household art, to what is beautiful in Nature, and to what may be made available to beautify and make more bearable our daily lives.

To discover the causes which produced this result would be difficult. Love of art comes slowly, but it comes with enlightenment on other subjects; it is a part of the growth of a people, and it comes with riches and leisure. I trust I will offend no strict moralist when I say that this country has benefited largely by the esthetic craze that made possible such extravagant and ridiculous absurdities as Whistler's "Woman in White" and D'Oyle Carte's Oscar Wilde. Nay, I even believe that the missionary tour of that long-haired humbug and apostle of the beautiful to this Philistine land was of material benefit in just the direction in which

Wilde ostensibly aimed. He drew attention to a subject that was worth thinking about, and in his lectures he said what was in the main true. His thoughts were not new to art students, but

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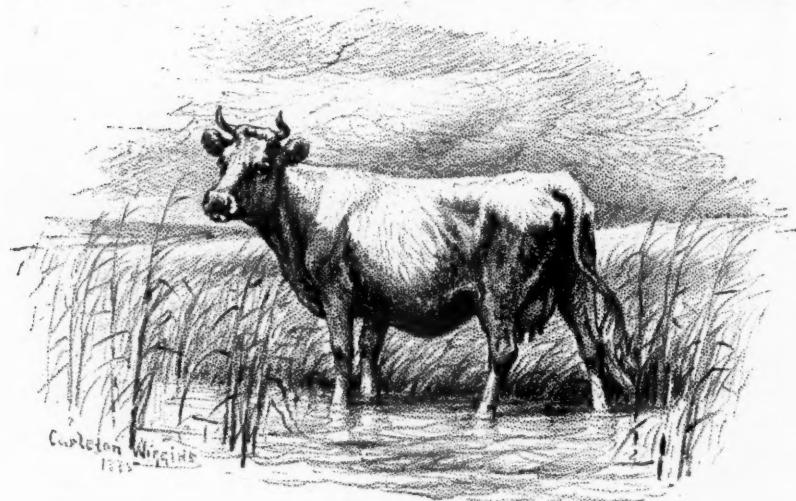


ALFRED FREDERICKS.—GUINEVERE.

they served well enough as elementary instruction to the masses, and they set inquiry afoot. His theatrical posing and affectations served to get him an audience. It is fortunate for America that it has had very little of the esthetic idiocy, or the healthy tone of American art might have been seriously affected by it. As it was, there quickly sprang up and quickly died an effeminate, indiscriminate affection of artistic culture, which, under the flail of public ridicule, fell apart from the real thing as the chaff falls from the wheat. There is still a superficial acquaintance with art that is not pleasant in its manifestations, and we may even mark the steady growth of artistic

been gained into what was requisite to please the eye. The sense of the beautiful had been heightened. The advances made in picture-reproduction enabled people of limited means to surround themselves with what was really good and satisfying.

What Philadelphia did for the whole country Louisville did for a large section of the country. The influence of art exhibitions can not be overestimated, and in 1883 the Southern Exposition at Louisville furnished the people with an exhibition of pictures that has never been surpassed outside of the great galleries of the East, many of which loaned their rarest treasures that they might be brought here to



CARLETON WIGGINS.—AMONG THE RUSHES.

culture by this affection of what is recognized as a desirable kind of information.

Probably the most potent single factor in changing the attitude of the American people toward art matters was the gallery of pictures at the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia. People from all parts of the land went there and saw what they had never seen before. They saw great pictures, and they saw small but beautiful trifles. Americans are quick to apprehend. They went home, and for months afterward thought and talked of the new realm of beauty they had discovered. In libraries, where they had never appeared before, were found volumes of Ruskin and Hamerton. The very carpets and wall-paper sold in country stores began to show that a new insight had

work their mission of good. Pictures were sent out to Louisville that had formerly and frequently been refused to exhibitions in New York and Philadelphia. A patriotic impulse brought together the finest loan collection ever seen in America. Meissonier, J. François Millet, Corot, Daubigny, De Neuville, Bouguereau, Jacque Clays, J. L. Gerome, Fortuny, Detaille, Diaz, Jules and Jean Breton, Verbolckhoven, Jules Dupre, Munkacsy, J. M. W. Turner, and Emile Renouf were among the foreign names represented. Among the Americans were Albert Bierstadt, Wyant, Huntington, Eastman Johnson, Casilear Chase, the Beards, J. G. Brown, George H. Boughton, Le Clear, Whittredge, Arthur Quartley, Henry Mosler, M. H. Jouett, Frederick A. Bridgeman, Gilbert Stuart, James

D. Smilie, Thomas Moran, Edgar M. Ward, Carl Brenner, C. W. Conant, E. Wood Perry, Wm. Hart, Jarvis McEntee, and a great many others of equal fame and importance. There is no wonder, then, that the effect of this exhibition should have been felt at once. It gave an impulse in the right direction, and when the Southern Exposition closed arrangements



H. WINTHROP PEIRCE.—*MATINS.*

had already been made for the establishment of a permanent art gallery in Louisville, and several good pictures were purchased and hung in a suitable place. Of one of these pictures we give a good engraving in this paper. This was the work of a hundred days. That its effect will be felt for as many years in the South is almost certain.

The success of the first art collection of the Southern Exposition, the pleasure that it gave and the importance in which it was held, made it necessary that the Southern Exposition of 1884, should present the public with another



SARONY.—*A VESTAL VIRGIN.*

collection of pictures worthy to succeed the first; though, of course, it could not be expected that the owners of the treasures in the first exhibition would repeat their generous sacrifice.

The Art Gallery, in 1884, was a fairly representative collection of the works of American artists. A number of private collections contributed liberally to the gallery. The greater number of pictures, however, came from the American Art Union, an association which included nearly all the leading artists of this country. While the gallery of '84 contained no work as great as perhaps twenty in the collection of the year before, yet the average of the pictures was probably as high, and as an evidence of the advancement of American art the gallery was more valuable to the public than its predecessor. Of course, however, it did not attract so much attention and its influence was conse-

quently not so manifest. A wonderful portrait by Eastman Johnson was probably the greatest painting of the exhibition. The interest of the public centered in the Hart group of statuary, Joel T. Hart's "Woman Triumphant" being the master-piece.

Just here a word about two men who are not ranked with the great artists of the day, but whose pictures hung in this collection. One of them is N. Sarony, the photographer, who, I believe, does nothing at all in colors, but who draws and sketches delightfully. He was a lithographer once, and made a fortune at that business. Then he went to Europe and spent six years there, when he lost his fortune. He studied photography and came to America to revolutionize that art. He is a little, quick man, with keen eyes and a vivacious manner. He is a good fellow, and is a member of no end of artistic clubs. He amuses himself and delights his friends by his charcoal drawings. He goes in heavily for the nude, and he has done much to perfect the admiration for Hogarth's line of beauty. The female form is Sarony's hobby, and he gives his crayon and charcoal drawings as much life as many a colorist gets into his pictures. His "Vestal Virgin" is given in the accompanying illustration. How easy and graceful it is even this sketch shows. His outlines are always voluptuous and his drawing is always correct. His style is defined and his sketches are highly artistic.

The other artist I wish to mention is Mr. W. Hamilton Gibson, whose work with the palette-knife in the picture, "A Reminiscence of the Housatonic," is certainly remarkable. The picture is rapidly painted and not "finished;" it is an effect of sunlight and clouds, which the cut only faintly suggests. Mr. Gibson never had any art instruction, yet he is one of the best known illustrators in America. He is a writer of some note, and, as he is yet a young man, there is much promise for the future in his work.

The exhibition that attracted more attention than any other of the present season was The Prize Fund Exhibition of the American Art Association, recently closed. The American Art Association procured by subscription a fund of \$10,000, which was divided into four prizes of \$2,500 each. The fund was subscribed chiefly by four cities, New York, Boston, Louisville, and St. Louis. A few subscriptions were received from other points. All the American artists were invited to compete for the four prizes, it being agreed that the successful art-

WALTER SATTERLEE.—*GOOD BYE SUMMER.*

ists should surrender the ownership of their pictures, which were to be distributed by lot to the Metropolitan Museum, of New York; the Museum of Fine Arts, of Boston; the Kentucky Polytechnic Society, of Louisville; and St. Louis Museum of Fine Arts, of St. Louis. A Jury of Awards, selected by the subscribers, was to decide upon the merits of the pictures.

The competition for the prizes brought out a very general representation of the best American artists, and though only about one hundred and seventy pictures were hung, a great

amount of wall space was covered. The exhibition was remarkable for the uniform merit of the pictures and for their high standard. The jury found great difficulty in deciding upon the prize works, as all were good, and many were most excellent. The prizes finally fell to the following works: "Near the Coast," R. Swain Gifford; "Crepescule," Alexander Harrison; "The Last Sacrament," Henry Mosler; "Off Honfleur," Frank M. Boggs. New York got the Gifford, the best of the four; Louisville, the Mosler; Boston, the Boggs; and St. Louis, the Harrison. These pictures have been generally described in the daily papers. They and the entire collection will be exhibited at the Art Gallery of the Southern Exposition from the 15th of August till the 24th of October, and should attract to Louisville all lovers of art throughout the South. The exhibition was the representation of the latest and highest phase of American art, and as such, is of material interest to the entire country.



STEPHEN HILLS PARKER.—THE SIBYL.

illustrations are, by the permission of the Association, given here. They are not the prize pictures, but they are works of much merit. No. 132 of the collection is H. Winthrop Peirce's "Matins." Mr. Peirce is a native of Boston, where he now lives, and was a pupil of Bouguereau and Tony Robert Fleury. It is to be regretted that he does not paint as skillfully as a pupil of such masters might be expected to do. He is happy in his choice of subjects and he draws well, generally succeeding in producing a pleasing picture. He has exhibited in the Paris Salon and is young enough to yet make many advances in his work.

There is a wonderful strength in Stephen Hills Parker's study of a head—"The Sibyl"—No. 23. The masses of light and shadow are remarkably well treated, and there is great character in the face. The drawing is well done and the austerity of the entire composition is in keeping with the character of the subject. Parker now paints in Paris, where he studied in L'Ecole des Beaux Arts, and under Carolus Duran. He has several times exhibited in the Paris Salon, and in 1880 was awarded first-class medal at the Versailles Exhibition.

In sentiment the "Good Bye, Summer," of Walter Satterlee, No. 6, is a charming picture. It is one of Mr. Satterlee's most poetic idealisms, full of grace in its drawing and of suggestion in its composition. Mr. Satterlee is a sentimentalist in his work, and his pictures always tell a little story of life. He is an Associate of the National Academy and is a member of several artist clubs. He studied under Bonnat, at Paris, and ranks among the best of the Americans in his line of work.

Among the cattle painters of America Carleton Wiggins ranks with the first. He was born in New York State in 1848, and studied at the National Academy, where he first exhibited in 1870. He afterward—1880-81—studied in Paris, and exhibited in the Salon of 1881. His pictures nearly all have much merit as landscapes, and some of them are only landscapes. One

The catalogue gives a very fair idea of the character of the exhibition. It contains seventy-nine illustrations, which show that every kind of subject capable of artistic treatment has been broadly, intelligently, vigorously handled in an artistic manner. It is truly a representative collection. Of the figure pieces, five of the catalogue

of his best is illustrated by the engraving, "Among the Rushes." The figure of the Jersey cow is remarkably well drawn and full of life, while the surroundings are well painted.

Alfred Fredericks, A. N. A., whose picture, "Guinevere," is illustrated in this paper, was born in London, but was brought to America when only six years old. As he has only studied in this country he may justly be considered more distinctively an American artist than some of those born in America. He painted several important panoramas early in life, but recently has devoted himself largely to illustrating. The character of the work shown in the engraving is that of the illustrator rather than that of the creator of ideal subjects.

The appreciation of art in the picturesque-loving South will be incident to the increase of wealth and leisure—intelligent, cultivated leisure, not sloth. A few days ago I saw, in the unpretentious studio of a girls' school in Louisville, the elementary work of some hundred young pupils. Let me say, to the credit of Louisville and the South, that I have not

seen in any of the schools of New York, Philadelphia, or Cincinnati any work by pupils of the same age and experience that has given more promise than I found here. Good instruction, genuineness of purpose, and love of the work were evident. There was plenty of native talent, and even some of the younger pupils showed a characteristic though not an artificial style. Their attempts were modest but thorough. There was no abortive effort to paint before the pupil could draw. At another girls' school I saw just the opposite of all this; and at this place the atrocities were all explained when the principal of the school told me that, as the girls paid extra fees for their art instruction, they were permitted largely to direct their own work. They pay extra fees in the first school mentioned, but there the payment of money is not made a reason for the development of ignorant pretentiousness. By all means, let this evil be guarded against in all attempts at art-education in the South. Better a good wood-cut than a bad oil-painting.

*Morton M. Casseday.*

### FONS BANDUSIÆ.

*Horace, Book III, Ode XIII.*

Fount of Bandusia, limpid as crystal,  
Worthy the tribute of wine and of flowers,  
To thee, to-morrow a kid shall be offered;  
Whose swelling forehead, with tender horns budding,  
Vainly presages of love and of battles.  
His rosy blood shall thy cool waters hallow,—  
Child of the frolicsome tribe!

Then, the fierce heats of the noons of midsummer,  
Never shall fall on the waters refreshing,  
That thou art yielding the plow-weary oxen,  
And to the wandering herds.

And thou, O Fount! shalt be famous forever,  
By this, my song, of the rock-guarded hollow  
Whence,—by the leaves of the oak overshadowed,—  
Thy bubbling waters leap down!

*G. M. Davis.*

## A SOLDIER'S ADVENTURES.

THE contributions to the history or literature of the war which a private can furnish, while of no great value in the compilation of its records, may be of some interest to readers who would rather be amused than informed.

To such readers I venture to offer this fragmentary narrative of scenes and adventures of soldier life, which are recited just as memory recalls them. No method can well be observed or ought to be expected in such a recital—no connection will be even attempted—but I will tell these stories of the camp and field just as I formerly exchanged reminiscences of like nature with my comrades at the picket base or in the gossip of the bivouac.

In the early part of the war I wandered around a good deal. I was for some time "unattached," or I might say so of myself had I been a staff-officer. In reality I was shifting about from one Confederate command and one theater of action to another, in search of the corps and service I thought I would like best; and although I enlisted long before the period of conscription, I did not bind myself by the military oath and surrender my freedom until it became apparent that "floaters" of that kind, so far from receiving favor, were not likely to be much longer tolerated. During this nomadic soldiership, however, I saw something of the war, in its first year, from Virginia to Missouri; and while rendering, candor requires me to admit, no service whatever, I saw it in nearly all its earlier phases.

The first serious and effective admonition I received that I had better quit that sort of nonsense and join the army, came from a vigilance committee. I fell into its clutches in the most innocent way imaginable, that is to say, I was just "browsing around," doing neither help nor harm. I excited the suspicions of the said committee in the most natural manner in the world, viz., by untimely though innocuous bloviation. The members of this committee were intense Southern men, and conceived the opinion from certain profound and indiscreet reflections upon the conduct of the war, which I uttered in the heat of debate, that I was a dangerous Yankee spy. They felt it to be their painful yet patriotic duty to hang me, and took me to the nearest

woods for that purpose. By the most earnest solicitation on my part, and an almost miraculous piece of good luck, they were induced to revoke the sentence already pronounced, and I escaped. But I have never been able since then to look on a slim, flexible, conveniently-located grape-vine without a shudder. This is my latest reminiscence of Missouri, for I left Missouri immediately afterward, and have not yet returned.

I directed my steps toward Kentucky, and reached Bowling Green on the same day that General Albert Sidney Johnston took command of the army there. I do not mean to intimate that our simultaneous arrival was any thing more than a coincidence. Indeed, I am inclined to believe that he was not aware that I had arrived; but I got there all the same.

Not yet entirely persuaded that I could more efficiently serve the Confederacy in the ranks than on the ramble, and feeling an innate conviction that the latter was the pleasanter sort of service, I set out with a friend, who had accompanied me from Missouri, for Louisville. We knew there must be important information in Louisville, and hoped that we would be able to corral it and fetch it out. We got as far as Elizabethtown, and, reaching that place on the Sabbath, were encouraged, on account of the large concourse of people in town, to remain for the day and attempt to recruit. We met with an unexpected difficulty in recruiting. Every man we saw wanted to enter the Confederate army, but every blessed one of them wanted to go as a captain, and was trying to raise a company himself. It was necessary that we should impress them with our superior military experience. We talked largely, therefore, of what we had seen and done in Missouri. We had decidedly the advantage of all parties in this regard. No one knew us or where we had been, and no one, consequently, could positively affirm that we were not telling the truth. All the other fellows knew each other well; each was perfectly cognizant of every other fellow's record, and if any one of them had gone to lying about his own martial exploits in Missouri or any where else, the others would have caught on to it at once.

We saw our advantage, and improved it. I hardly think they believed us at first, but earnestness is a potent factor. We talked

"with feeling and not too slow"—as the old song-books were wont to recommend that the sentimental ditties should be sung—until we had convinced ourselves of the entire truth of every thing we chose to relate, and our hearers would have been worse than heathen had they continued to doubt.

Just about the time that we had completely captured our large audience—all the town boys were around and many country fellows had stayed to hear us out—Fortune, in her favorite guise at that period, when she meant mischief, of the irrepressible and ever-intrusive Yankee, "flanked" and utterly routed us. It was about five o'clock in the afternoon. We were holding forth in front of the office of the county judge. He was a hard-headed, sensible old man, and rather incredulous upon most subjects, but such a red-hot rebel that he would believe any thing told him about the war that was on the Southern side. He strongly espoused our interests. Three or four of the most ambitious and energetic of the aspirants for captaincies had concluded that they had better take positions as lieutenants in companies which they would assist us to raise. We had indeed suggested a plan of campaign, with the capture of Louisville as its ultimate object, to be inaugurated so soon as the two companies we thought essential to its success should be recruited. It would have been the most reckless audacity to have attempted the movement with less than two full companies, for it was credibly reported that a Federal force of four thousand was then between Louisville and Elizabethtown. It was commanded by Sherman; but the people of Kentucky were not then acquainted with Sherman, and they said that Rousseau was bossin' the job.

The details of this plan—that is, a few of the more obvious details—had been rapidly sketched by my friend and myself and submitted to the county judge. He had just pronounced it feasible, and was making a speech urging the boys to enlist at once in the two companies, when an ominous and appalling sound smote our ears. It came, like every thing else disagreeable and menacing, from the North. It was the roll of a drum, or rather, to our startled ears and imaginations, it seemed like a hoarse threat from all the drums, all the sticks and sheepskins in Yankindom. *Ran-tan-plan, Rat-a-plan*—the sudden, sonorous rattle split the air like the infernal chuckle of approaching devils.

In a few moments, a fleeing figure came

whizzing like a meteor from the same direction, each throbbing drum-note behind seeming to impel it to additional speed. I can see that earnest, rapid man as plainly with mental vision now, nearly twenty-four years since he so "lowered the record," as I saw him that day with the natural eye. He was tall, gaunt, and "loose-jinted." He switched his arms as he ran, as a shoemaker "yerks" his thread, and his legs flopped about like a pair of pants swinging on a clothes-line in a high wind. He wore the only striped jeans swallow-tailed coat I ever saw; his breeches were too big for his thighs and too short for his calves, and "sprung" obliquely to the rear, and his shoes clattered like a couple of pork-barrels rolling out of a loft. I would not have believed it possible that human eyes could have so protruded. They stuck out on his high cheekbones until they seemed to have left their sockets altogether, and looked like the muzzles of siege-guns mounted *en barbette*. I am not sure that I remember this gentleman's name, but I think some one remarked, "Thar comes Ab. Jenkins."

He was evidently the harbinger of disaster and dismay, and as he drew near he sent his voice before him, shouting, "Save yourselves, gentlemen, *Rouser's in town!*"

The stampede which ensued would never have occurred, I am sure, if we had not been so totally unprepared. Had a little more time to get ready been allowed us, and especially had we have gotten the two companies recruited and organized, the story of that Sunday afternoon might have been quite different. But the bravest men and the best natural soldiers may be demoralized and put to panic flight, if they are attacked before they are regularly enlisted. That was our fix.

As it happened, we—that is to say, the material which was to compose the two companies—were so scattered that we were never gotten together any more. The Judge made a break for a horse that was hitched to a post close by. The bridle was knotted tightly in the hitching-ring—a most pernicious practice, which can not be too strongly condemned, for even at this day occasion might arise whereupon some of us might wish to use a horse in a hurry. Unable to untie the knot as rapidly as his necessity demanded, he cut the reins and, mounting, dashed across the creek at full speed, notwithstanding he had to descend one bluff bank and ascend another. I have a dim recollection that Cæsar tells some-

where in his Commentaries how the warriors of a certain Gallic or Germanic tribe, once made such swift onset on him that they seemed to be at one and the same time on the opposite side of a river whereon his army was encamped, in the river itself, and fiercely scaling his entrenchments. The Judge's celerity of movement on this occasion might warrant a similar description, save that his was in retreat. After he got fairly started, I could almost have sworn that he was simultaneously on both sides of the creek and splashing through it. He imbued the horse with his own energetic and eager spirit, so that the noble animal never hesitated to plunge down the one precipice and climb the other, but accomplished it with something like the supple and continuous movement with which a scared black-snake flashes across a ditch.

My friend and I also retired, and our audience dispersed in many different directions.

Feeling that without support I could hope to effect nothing at Louisville or on that line, I repaired to Nashville, where I remained for some months trying to decipher the situation. In common with many other patriotic young men, I greatly deplored the inactivity which characterized military operations and discouraged enlistment. It was very unlike our ideas of war.

I returned to Bowling Green in December, with a view of personally inspecting the condition of the army there, and of ascertaining why General Johnston did not advance to the Ohio. I could learn very little, as I was not admitted to headquarters, and no one in authority would tell me any thing in confidence. The soldiers evidently neither appreciated nor sympathized with my deep anxiety, but would sometimes in the rough, frank humor of the camp, call me a "d—d loafer," and ask why I didn't "swear in."

During Christmas week the boys were all very jolly. I visited the camp of Morgan's squadron on one occasion to witness a "gander pulling." A stalwart, middle-aged gander, with a neck as tough as a piece of commissary beef, was suspended head down from a swinging limb. The contestants, eight or ten in number, put up a dollar each, and were entitled to "pull" in turn until some one of them should jerk off the bird's head. They were mounted, and were required to ride at full gallop under the gander, snatching at him as they passed. They were prohibited by the rules of the game from halting or even slack-

ening speed, and to enforce the rule two men stood on each side of the path with stout whips, who labored his horse if any rider evinced the least inclination to go slow. The gander's neck was thoroughly soaped, so that a good grip on it was well-nigh impossible, and he dodged with an adroitness that made it extremely difficult to get hold of him at all. After many unsuccessful efforts, the competitors became excited and began to lose temper under the jeers of the spectators. At length one big fellow came to a dead stop at the tree, and seizing the gander's neck with both hands, deliberately strove to twist it off. The whip-bearers lashed the horse soundly, but, gripping the animal's sides strongly with his knees, the rider, notwithstanding his plunging, held him firmly and also retained his grip on the gander. It is to be expected, of course, that the nether garments of a cavalryman in active service will wear somewhat thin in the seat, and this was especially the case with that big fellow's breeches. By an unusually violent plunge he was thrown forward in a horizontal position along his horse's back. Just then a whip-lash descended with the full force of the muscular arm which plied it, on the thinnest and most threadbare spot in his pantaloons. It must have been imagination, but I really thought I saw smoke rise under the stripe. He instantly let go of the gander and clapped both hands to the afflicted region, swearing until the earth rumbled and the air grew hazy. He sprang to the ground, and a large detail was actively employed for some minutes in restraining him from bloodshed; but he was finally pacified by permission to take the stakes. After this incident all parties agreed that gander pulling was a cruel sport, and the gander's head was chopped off with an ax.

When, after the fall of Forts Henry and Donelson, General Johnston retreated from Bowling Green, a great change came over the people of the Southwest. They realized then for the first time the serious nature of the struggle, and how tremendous was the danger with which they were confronted. The difference between men dreaming, and the same men aroused, vigilant, and alert with nervous energy and purpose—the difference between children and men—is hardly greater than was the contrast between the temper of this people in the earlier days of the war, when it was regarded in the light of a frolic, and that which they exhibited when disaster had taught them the real meaning of the strife and given

them a foretaste of the coming horror. The terrible truth dawned upon them, and war showed his grim visage unmasked when General Johnston's columns poured into Nashville; and Kentucky left to the undisputed possession of the enemy, it was impossible to doubt the early invasion of Tennessee.

I was in Nashville when the army marched through that city, and when it was finally evacuated, and I can never forget the consternation and despair, the grief and wrath of the forsaken people. Those who have never witnessed such a scene—the wild terror and agony of a population, which believes that it is about to suffer every extremity of brutality and violence, which has abandoned hope and dreads the worst—can not realize its mad frenzy; even those who have beheld such a sight can scarcely believe the pictures which memory recalls.

I felt, now, that the time had come when I could no longer dally, and be a mere holiday soldier, and I enlisted in Colonel Bennett's battalion of (Tennessee) cavalry.

The army marched rapidly southward, in pursuance of General Johnston's purpose of reaching Corinth before the enemy could occupy that all-important point and render a concentration of all the Confederate forces of the department impossible. But large cavalry detachments were left in the vicinity of Nashville to observe and harass the enemy. Having known that region of Tennessee from my boyhood, I was constantly employed upon scouting expeditions, or as guide to the parties which were sent, night and day, to attack the Federal pickets, or alarm their camps.

One afternoon I started from the camp of a detachment of Starne's regiment, whither I had been sent with dispatches, and rode leisurely through the woods, which were just shaking off their winter torpor and beginning to put on the green garb of spring. I had ridden, perhaps, an hour, and was following the course of a small brook, whose bright and limpid waters wound about as if seeking the thickest verdure, and striving to bathe the knotted feet of the mightiest trees, when I suddenly heard the tramp of hoofs and the hum of voices. Looking about me I discovered that I was within a hundred yards of the Nashville and Shelbyville turnpike, at a point about fifteen miles from Nashville. I entered a small clump of cedars, which I knew would effectually conceal both me and my horse from detection by any one on the road, while I was afforded a

fair view of it, and awaited the appearance of the party of whose approach my ears had already apprised me. I had not long to wait. Eighteen or twenty horsemen rode over the brow of a small hill, at the foot of which the little stream I have mentioned crossed the pike. Reaching the rivulet they halted to let their horses drink, and clustered along its banks filling the whole breadth of the road. A single glance showed me that they were Confederate cavalrymen. Their dress, arms, aspect, manner, even the look and gait of the horses unmistakably indicated who and what they were. They were all young, the eldest not twenty-five, and looked like men born for the life they were then leading. They were clothed in a sort of uniform, consisting of a wide, plaited blouse and baggy pantaloons, tight at the ankles, made of a dark-gray Kentucky jeans. All wore broad-brimmed, slouched felt hats, except one fellow, who sported a coon-skin cap, with the tail dangling behind, and a glossy green cock's feather on one side. Each had two six-shooters in his pistol belt, and each—not excepting the lieutenant commanding the party—carried a double-barreled shot-gun on the pommele of his saddle.

So soon as I had noted these particulars, and had become satisfied that they were rebels—and, as I have said, the first glance sufficed for that—I moved forward and shouted, "Hello, there! which side are you for?" This question, of course, was entirely superfluous, as I already knew. Had I been in the least in doubt I would not have put the inquiry.

"Hello, yourself," was the response. "Come over here and we'll tell you all about it."

Two or three at the same time cocked their guns and brought them to a ready, but as if from an impulse of habitual caution rather than with the manner of men who apprehended occasion to use them. For answer I cantered to a point where the fence lining the road was partially broken down, and, touching my horse with the spur, cleared the gap and was in the midst of them.

"Well, boys," I said, "I'm one of Bennett's men, and have come from some of Starne's command, just beyond Nolinsville. Where are you from?"

"We belong to Morgan's squadron, and are from Unionville last."

"Why, I thought Morgan was on the Murfreesboro pike, about La Vergne. I heard he'd been raising Cain over there."

"He's been raisin' worse than that, and ain't

through by a blamed sight. But he wants to make the thing general—wants it to spread, and be catchin’—so he sent half of the squadron over here to operate on this pike.”

“I suppose, then, that you’re on a scout now for Nashville, or as close in as you can get?”

“You’re mighty right. We’re on the war-path, and you’ve guessed the trail. We haven’t had a taste of picket for three days, and we’re hungry and bound to have a square meal.”

He of the coon-skin cap had done all the talking up to this point, but now the lieutenant put in:

“Did you say you had just left Starnes?”

“No, sir; I said I had just left a detachment of his regiment.”

“Where have they been scouting last?”

“Between Franklin and Nashville.”

“Any movement of the enemy there in force?”

“No; some cavalry out a few miles, with infantry just behind them, but no forward movement for some days past.”

“You spoke just now as if you knew this country?”

“I ought to. I have been over every foot of it.”

“I am going to-night until I get where the pickets are thick. How would you like to go with us?”

“It’s a whack. I don’t know where they stand, for I havn’t scouted this pike; but I can take you through the woods and up the hollows, if we have to quit the road, until you’re behind videttes and base both, if you wish.”

He then explained to me that for several nights consecutively the Federal pickets on this pike had been attacked, and that he expected a warm reception, and perhaps an ambuscade. The conversation I have detailed, and a number of questions he subsequently put to me, occupied some twenty minutes. The sun had gone down and the red-gray twilight of March was fading away into night when the detachment resumed its march.

After proceeding a few miles we reached the house of Colonel Battle. That gallant gentleman was then at the head of his regiment, marching southward—to Shiloh as it turned out—but his family gave us hospitable welcome, and a supper which would make any man, with a thimbleful of courage, willing to fight for his country.

Colonel Battle’s son, a bright, spirited little fellow, about sixteen years old, was at home, and he gave a great deal of valuable informa-

tion. The ladies, too, seemed to take the liveliest interest in our expedition, and I really believe would have liked to share the danger and excitement of it.

Young Battle’s account of things tallied with the lieutenant’s anticipation. The outpost videttes, he said, which had been posted for more than a week at a point eight miles from Nashville, had been withdrawn, how far in he did not know; but every thing had been quiet, and no enemy had been seen for twenty-four hours past in the vicinity of that spot. He also stated that citizens who had come out from Nashville that day said that McCook’s corps was encamped at “Flat Rock,” four miles from the city.

We left the house about ten o’clock, the young fellow—his mother cheerfully consenting—accompanying us. He was a true game-chicken, and he became a “rattling good soldier.”

After passing the spot where the pickets had been posted, our march was necessarily slow, for prudence dictated the most careful reconnoitering, and every precaution against the warm reception which we felt sure was waiting for us some where on that road.

We moved warily, the very horses seemed to know the necessity of caution and stepped gingerly along as if shod with cotton. Peering earnestly ahead, we could see nothing on the pale turnpike stretching before us, and neither in the grim shadows of the forest nor in its glades, which the moon began to light up as she swung upward toward the zenith, was indication of danger to be detected. Every copse and valley, where an enemy might be concealed, was examined. We strained our ears to catch the slightest sound, the tramp of men, the clash of weapons, the hum of voices, which might reveal the lurking place of a hidden and expectant foe, and heard nothing. Yet the very silence was ominous.

At length we were within six hundred yards of “Flat Rock.” If McCook’s corps was there, as had been reported, we were getting into mighty short harness, and at any moment could expect a trap to be sprung out of which it would not be easy to escape. The lieutenant directed all, except me, to enter a large meadow on the right of the road and remain concealed in a ravine, the sides of which were overgrown with underbrush and which completely sheltered the horses from observation. Then, bidding me go with him, we advanced on foot. We had not gone more than a hundred yards

when we met a negro coming from the direction of Nashville.

"Did you pass 'Flat Rock?'" queried the lieutenant.

"Yes, sah," answered the darkey, his teeth and the whites of his eyes glancing like freshly peeled onions.

"Did you see any soldiers at the cross-roads?" I should state that another turnpike crossed the Shelbyville pike, on which we then were, at right angles at the point known as "Flat Rock."

"I seed 'bout ten white men dar what looked like dey mout be solgers. Yes, sah; I seed dem."

"Didn't you see more?"

"No, sah; I 'clar to God, I didn't saw no more'n dat. I jess hope I may drap dead if I seed any more."

"You lie, you d—d black scoundrel! If you saw only ten, what's the use of your swearing to it so?"

"Deed, boss, I didn't see no more. You jess go dar yo'se'f and see if I ain't tellin' de truf."

"Light out, then, d—d quick! If I see you back here to-night I'll skin you alive."

The negro scuttled off, like a mud-turtle sliding into a pond. We pushed on perhaps two hundred yards further and suddenly heard distinctly the clear challenge of a sentry and the response of an officer. The voices, as well as we could judge, were at the cross-roads. We had found the enemy.

Hastening back to the point where the men had been left, the lieutenant instructed all but five to dismount, and, leaving the five to hold horses, he moved rapidly with the others across the meadow to the intersecting pike, striking it some four hundred yards to the right of the point of intersection.

"Now boys," he said "follow me in single file until we get to the cross-roads. The enemy are there. How many, I don't know. Only a party of videttes, I suppose; but there must be lots of them not far off. When we reach the junction, they'll halt us. Then every man must face to the enemy and commence firing. Fire both barrels of your guns first, and then your pistols. Don't stop to reload, but bounce the fence, each of you, after exhausting your shots, and make for the horses. Forward!"

Slowly we moved on, keeping the left of the pike and close in to the fence. The moon was just sinking in a pall of black clouds, and a slight breeze was beginning to blow.

"It mingled strangely with our fears," and

to me, at least, felt like a warning. Certain noises in the fence-corners on the other side of the road, rustling, coughing, and occasionally a low ejaculation, soon indicated that we were passing a large body of men posted there. We reached the intersection of the pikes and immediately four or five tall figures sprang up and approached us. It was plain, however, that they did not recognize us as enemies, but supposed us to be some of their own men.

"Halt! Who goes there?" challenged the foremost man, in a suppressed tone.

The three leading men in our party fired at once. The poor fellow who had spoken sank dead in his tracks, and two of his comrades fell with him. Then occurred a wild, howling turmoil which it dazes me even now to think of. There must have been five hundred men, or more, crowded around that place. Yelling, cursing, bounding about like mad beasts, they encountered each other in the darkness, and I am sure slew each other by the score. Hundreds of rifles were fired at once on all sides, and the roar was like that of the fiercest and closest battle. The vivid blaze would light up some spot as bright as day; the gloom would fall again there, and some other corner of the small battle-field would glow beneath the sputtering flashes as if under the glare of lightning. The wounded shrieked and writhed about on the ground in agonies of pain and fear.

It is almost incredible, but not a man of our party was touched. Each man strictly obeyed the order given him. Each sank on his knees at the first shot, aimed low, exhausted his loads in gun and pistol, and then, leaping the fence, ran across the meadow toward the rendezvous as if the devil was after him. For some minutes after we were gone the firing and uproar continued.

But we were admonished—not that we needed admonition—that it was extremely unsafe to remain. Troops which had been posted on the left of the Shelbyville pike, but far enough away to escape our observation, rushed forward and took possession of the road. Retreat by the way we had come was cut off. We followed the ravine until we had gotten nearly a mile from the pike, and then, making a wide detour, regained it at a safe distance from the enemy.

Candor compels me to say that we claimed a greater success than we really achieved. We represented that we had attacked McCook's corps and driven it into Nashville.

*Red Rowel.*

## THE COMING OF LIFE BEAUTIFUL.

The Spirit of God came down  
In a warm breath blown thro' the underwood—  
With white wings paused o'er the dank, dumb flood—  
And behold, afar in the solitude,  
    Like Eve a-shy in her nakedness,  
    Ashamed of her woman's perfectness,  
With unshed tears in her appealing eyes,  
    Stood Nature nude and brown.  
No sound was there thro' all the marshy glade,  
Nor May's young leaf to dance with its own shade,  
Chirrup of cricket, or ripe nut dropping down,  
But one vast realm of desolate silentness  
Uplooking with cold face unto the skies.

"Let there be Life," He spake:  
"Ye things of Life awake!"  
A change thro' all the depths of Nature came:  
    Like a thick rain, behold  
    From the dank marsh-reeds cold,  
Wide-clambering down thro' all the lifeless brake  
Crept living things, and, shot with green and gold,  
Life leaped up from the waters; like a flame  
The rose of Beauty burned throughout the space,  
    Its fiery petals dropping living leaves;  
Out of the pools Life rose in flying chase,  
    Creatures of ooze and slime, with sheeny greaves,  
Volatile each of being in its frame,  
Vines each clasped each in passionate embrace,  
Bird called to bird, and creeping things came forth,  
Seeking their mates, o'er all the wakening earth.  
"Yet Life!" He called: ferns woke, and babbling brooks  
    Rilled laughing founts of moisture; odors passed  
From underwoods sown thick with mossy nooks  
    Dripping of coolest silence; and at last,  
Down-dropping from the crystal cliffs of Day,  
I heard a lark's song in the fields of May.

Ah, ye cool thoughts, ye dewdrops tremulous!  
And ye soft-sandaled winds that come and pass,  
Billowing down the meadows populous,  
Hear ye His feet upon the warm June grass?

*Charles J. O'Malley.*

## OUR LAST HUNTING GROUNDS.

### CHAPTER I.

#### THE ALLEGHANY HIGHLANDS.

ABU JAFFAR, the Moorish historian, tells us that the first century of the Mohammedan era (622-722 A. D.) ought to be called the Age of City Destruction. "The Saracens raged in Asia Minor, the Bulgarians in Thracia, the Persians on the Euphrates, and the Goths in Spain. Cities fell like leaves in a storm." With the same prescriptive right the first century of our national independence might call itself the Age of Game Destruction. Waste, like ours, the world has never seen before. If a European hunter of the seventeenth century had visited the forests and mountains of the original thirteen States he would have pronounced it a miracle if the sportsmen of all the Eastern Continents should exhaust such hunting-grounds in less than five hundred years. That miracle our pot-hunters have accomplished in a single century. From an area about forty times larger than all Great Britain, the American bison, for instance, has so utterly disappeared that even the record of his former existence has almost faded from the memory of the present generation. In the time of Daniel Boone the buffalo population of the country east of the Mississippi could have been estimated only by tens of millions. Now, few young squirrel-hunters of the Hoosier State would suppose that their grandfathers exterminated buffaloes before their fathers extirpated the wild deer. Deer and elk are seen now only in parks, where they were once as frequent as rabbits. Between Lexington and Harrodsburg, Kentucky, the naturalist Audubon once saw a swarm of wild pigeons streaming up from the east, like a broad mass of storm-driven clouds. As that cloud approached it darkened the sky for many miles from north to south, while its east end was yet hidden by the distant mountains. Wondering how long the phenomenon would last, Audubon sat down and took out his watch, but after waiting for several hours he had to continue his way before the rear-guard of the winged host hove in sight. Similar swarms were often seen in the Carolinas, Ohio, and Eastern Missouri. How many tons of lead must it have taken to reduce their myriads to their present number? Even the wary fox and the grouse (or "pheasant") have almost dis-

appeared from the Eastern States. In some of those States it would now hardly be worth while to enforce restrictive game-laws. The evil has passed the remediable stage.

Still, here and there, in the mountains and coast-forests, there are sequestered regions where Nature has granted her children the protection which man denies them, and where the observance of a "fence-month" or two would soon turn extensive districts into well-stocked game preserves.

The larger varieties of the wild quadrupeds which once roamed the continuous woods between the Atlantic and the valley of the Mississippi would be in danger of utter extinction if Providence had ordained that the average specimen of the *Homo Anglo-Americanus* should be a mountain-loving biped. In all his colonies the representative Briton has stuck to the plains, and given the highlands, as long as possible, a wide berth. Even in Ceylon only the bugbear of the jungle fever has scared a few settlers up to the paradise-plateau of Newera Ellia, while ninety-nine per cent of their countrymen broil in the coast towns. In several mountain counties of our Southern States better land can actually be bought for ten cents an acre than a Kansas immigrant would find it easy to buy for twenty dollars. That predilection is probably founded on hereditary traditions as much as on the prevarications of western land agents, for according to Boswell's biography, that typical Briton, the pious and ponderous Dr. Samuel Johnson, seems to have passed a considerable part of his leisure in reviling the Scotch Highlands.

But, whatever may be the cause of that Anglican prejudice, the *ferae naturae* have profited by its consequences. In the State of Ohio the few surviving deer have probably, by this time, been corraled in the stag-pens of Colonel Thompson's zoo. On the other side of the river coons and foxes are occasionally seen in a state of nature; east of Frankfort, turkeys, wild-cats and deer now and then visit the valleys in cold winters, and, as we approach the main chains of the Appalachian mountain-system, the altitude of any given district can be estimated as nearly by the increase of game as by the decrease of human habitations. One summit of the North Carolina Black Mountains is a little higher than any other land east

of the Mississippi, but for average elevation the lofty range of the Unakas on the eastern border of Tennessee is clearly the main chain of the Southern Alleghanies. Between the source of the French Broad and the highlands of the Cohuttas in Northern Georgia, this Alpine region embraces numerous plateaux of a greater elevation than the highest mountain summits of West Virginia, with several peaks towering above the timber-line, which here runs from five thousand eight hundred to six thousand feet above the level of the sea. In spite of the fertility of their mountain valleys ("coves," as the natives call them), these highlands are very sparsely settled; perhaps one family per square mile, with stretches of sixteen or twenty miles without a single permanent habitation. In these solitudes Nature has located a few of her best East American game preserves. The altitude of the range culminates about midway between Georgia and Virginia. In a line of less than a hundred English miles, between the French Broad and the Little Tennessee, not less than eight summits attain a height of more than six thousand feet. Near these "balds" ("balds" from their treeless tops) deer can be found at any time of the year. Now and then local sportsmen organize a "drive" and get a good bag, or an expert old mountain-boomer manages the thing with a co-operative dog; but outsiders have to get up early or abide their time. The last survivors of the Alleghany deer population may be run down with relays of well-trained hounds, but they are hard to surprise. They keep about the summit cliffs of the "balds," where they can watch the treeless uplands for miles around, and at the first suspicion of danger skip off to some inaccessible retreat. On the Hazel Ball the hunter at once recalls his hounds if his game has got a start toward "Jeffrey's Hell," an utterly pathless rock-wilderness named after a herder who once entered that labyrinth in search of a lost cow, but lost own his way, and was tracked in vain, till the buzzards found his body. In the midst of this Gehenna there is said to be a mountain-lake with a fringe of vegetation; but "without a liberal appropriation for advertising purposes" that oasis, like the garden of Symmes' Hole, can not hope to compete with the popular summer-resorts.

East of the "Gregory Ball," between Maryville, Tenn., and Quallatown, N. C., there is a tract of highland glens that has become a favorite deer-pasture, apparently for no other

reason but that the settlers avoid it on account of its liability to "milk-sickness." Cattle frequenting such pastures are apt to be seized with a strange malady, with symptoms akin to the effects of certain mineral poisons, and sometimes vicariously fatal, *i. e.* to the consumer of the poisoned milk. The cause of that disease has remained problematic, being variously ascribed to poisonous herbs or water impregnated with the acetate of copper ore; but it is a curious fact that it has no danger for indigenous animals nor for thoroughly acclimated sheep and cows, who may possibly profit by experience. Still the unsafe localities are avoided on general principles, and during the pasture season the native hunters forbear visiting a promising hunting-ground for fear of being followed by a troop of salt-hungry cattle.

Tragic events have made the highland deer as loath to leave his rocks as the Tennessee Indians, that were somehow exempted from the compulsory exodus of their nation, and avoid the lowlands as if they were afraid to remind the white man of their existence. The elder Pliny, among other wondrous facts, mentions the circumstance that certain old wells in the Lybian Desert are haunted by a monster called a *catoplos*, "of visage so malign that a single flash of its fiery eyes will strike a stout man dead." The extreme circumspection of Roman travelers approaching those wells can hardly have exceeded that of the Tennessee-mountain deer on their occasional winter trips to the haunts of the portentous bipeds that can kill a stout buck by a single flash of their fire-tubes. Old does will run that risk only under the combined stimulus of hunger and hard frost, and soon return to their highlands, where the "coves," with their deep, sheltered brooks, may afford a bit of herbage when the snow blockades the trails of the highland pastures.

The black bear, too, has held his own in the rock-fastnesses of the Unakas. Charles Eppler, a mountaineer of Blount County, Tenn., has caught a cub or two every summer for the last fifteen years, and doubts that the species will ever become extinct or even scarce enough to make any part of the mountains quite safe for sheep. In the laurel thickets hounds have no chance against a bear; and, considering his bulk, Bruin has a marvelous knack for disappearing at short notice. Last summer two North Carolina hunters started a bear near the "divide," and filled his hide with buckshot before he could reach the brink of a bushy

slope. For the next five minutes they had only dust to guide them through the dry thorn trees, but for a moment caught sight of the deserter as he squeezed himself through a gap in a ledge of sandstone rocks. At that point they resumed the search, but neither their hounds nor their own sharp eyes could discover any trace of the fugitive, who seemed to have been swallowed by the mountain. It is not easy to keep up with an old sheep-thief of that size, and almost impossible on some kinds of ground, like the rock-and-bush tangle at the headwaters of the Little Tennessee. Two of its tributaries, Twenty-mile Creek and Hazel Creek, emanate from almost impenetrable thickets, rent with gorges, where the terrors of locomotion would discount the fun of the chase. Bears, however, get fat in such mountain resorts, probably on woodchucks, their peers in the art of dispensing with highways, and apt to multiply wherever they can find pigweeds and water. Raccoons, too, abound upon these creeks, as well as on the main stream, which here and there forms a perfect cañon, with an abnormally contracted channel, flanked with beetling cliffs and choked with chaotic masses of boulders and gravel, slightly auriferous.

The Indians of the Pigeon River reservation in Sevier County, Tenn., assert that their forefathers would eat bear-meat only in times of scarcity, and wonder that the pale-face, with violent objections to eat-venison, should eat both bears and coons. The p. f. has certainly no right to revile the dog-steaks of the heathen Chinee, for those dogs are fed on rice-cakes; while for eight months out of twelve bears and raccoons are as purely carnivorous as any beast of the forest. Besides, the *Procyon lotor*, with all his soft-footed sleekness, is distinguished by one characteristic of the worst carnivora; not even the lynx and the catamount are more savagely unsocial than the male raccoon. His courtship is brief, and his supreme delight is a private exploring trip to the headwaters of some lonely mountain-brook, where he will fish or nose about for days with the self-sufficiency of an old book-worm. If two male coons meet on such hunting-grounds, the result is a declaration of war without any diplomatic preliminaries; and the victor rarely contents himself with routing his rival. The playfulness that has made the coon a favorite pet is, indeed, confined to the first eighteen months of his plantigrade career. About the end of the second summer his ursine instincts begin to assert themselves in many disagreeable ways.

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Bruin himself, too, is very fond of solitary rambles, and often goes miles out of his way to visit some favorite lookout-cliff where he can watch the movements of the enemy or growl at the continual appearance of new clearings that encroach upon his domain as the wheat-fields of the intrusive Caucasian encroach upon the hunting-grounds of the red man.

Still, he may console himself with the probability that a good many years may pass before the axe will invade certain penetralia of the upper Alleghanies. For a hundred years after the conquest of Granada, some Moorish tribes maintained their independence in the *ramblas* or highland jungles of the Alpujares, and such a *rambla* the *feræ* of the Unakas have found at the headwaters of the Tellico. About forty miles south of the Little Tennessee Gap, the main chain of the western Alleghanies makes a V-shaped bend of twenty miles to the east and back again, not in a straight line but with zig-zag projections sending out spurs left and right, the heads of the lateral valleys converging toward the apex of the bend. The entire rock-labyrinth of this triangular valley is drained by the affluents of the Tellico. At the gate of the foot-hills the iron furnace of Tellico Plains, with its post-office and miner's supply store, forms the outpost of civilization. A mile further up there are a few miner's shanties, and five miles above the furnace we reach the last log-cabin, where "Buck" Miller, the Baptist revivalist, cures unbelief and bear-hams with equal success. Further up all trails lose themselves in the "Big Laurel," and the twenty-five miles from Buck Miller's to the source of the Tellico form an unbroken and almost untrodden wilderness of rocks, spruce-pines, and tangled kalmia thickets. These thickets must be seen to appreciate the difficulty of following a wild beast to its hiding-place in a "laurel bottom." Instead of growing up straight, like arborescent plants, and reserving expansion for a higher stage of development, the *Kalmia latifolia* sends out lateral branches from the root up, crooked, evergreen, tough impediments to progressive locomotion. The attempt to break through a kalmia thicket generally ends in a crawling retreat; and even bear's way through a big laurel King Solomon (*Proverbs xxx, 18*) should have included among the three things which no reflection can fathom, while the fourth eludes all comprehension. But "such is the will of Providence," as a pious Jerseyman once replied to my question how gnats could get through a brand

## OUR LAST HUNTING GROUNDS.

new mosquito bar. Bears do make their way through the laurel, and even up hill, at a rate that would try the mettle of a horse in a less tangled thicket. Dogs, keeping a parallel course through the outskirts of the jungle, are obliged to go at the top of their speed, and generally have to turn back, *re-infecta*, with torn ears. By keeping up the ridge of some dividing spur, and taking his direction by the uproar of the chase, a topographical expert may, however, manage to intercept his game at the head of the valley or in one of the passes connecting the principal creeks. Plucky hounds will improve the chances of that maneuver by charging the bear again and again, just enough to delay him for a minute at a time.

Up in the heights of the main ridge there is a plateau that can be reached only by a circuit of forty miles, but is often visited by cub-hunters, the establishment of various neighboring watering-places having created a brisk trade in pets. The current price of an ursine youngster used to be three dollars, but has advanced some three hundred per cent, though, in early spring, when the mountain hotels are as empty as the pockets of the mountaineers, cash purchasers can *bear* the market with phenomenal success. Mrs. Bruin concentrates all her topographical abilities on the problem of selecting an inaccessible den, some cave or pit in the loneliest glen of the dreary uplands, but that very dreariness seems to tempt her offspring to relinquish the security of their native dungeon in search of more pleasant quarters, and often with the unexpected result of passing the springtime of their lives in the pig-sty of some remorseless mountaineer.

Bears, though, are not the only denizens of the Tellico wilderness; the upper thickets of the big laurel harbor wolves. Every summer the hounds of the highland hunters invade the borders of their reservation, but every winter they repay the affront by raiding the farm-yards for scores of miles in every direction. Tellico wolves have been seen at the mouth of Abram's Creek, near Jalapa and Tower Falls, and at a post-office near Winfrey's Gap, North Carolina, carrying off kids, cowhide boots, and even United States mail-bags, with an effrontery which Albion W. Tourgee would probably ascribe to the "seditious influence of Bourbonism." The noise of the hue and cry often starts the hounds of a whole county on the track of the marauders, but their talent for regaining their stronghold by

circuitous routes through pathless thickets baffles all calculation, and necessity, the mother of instincts as well as inventions, has endowed them with a sort of sixth sense for improvising the means of hiding their tracks. They avoid open ground, especially sandy or fresh plowed fields, they give roads a wide berth, they follow water-courses for miles, and as soon as possible enter the glen of a rocky mountain brook, tangled with briars and laurel thickets, where they can defy all pursuit. If wounded and hard-pressed they moderate the zeal of their pursuers by a counter-charge which the leading hounds are not apt to forget, and then continue their flight with redoubled speed, but in absolute silence, till they regain the shelter of their Gibraltar, where in moonlight nights they sometimes vent their feelings in a howl as irresistibly lugubrious as the overture of the Chinese national hymn. Dogs answer such wails, and not in anger, but in apparent sympathy with a mood of emotions which all the varieties of the genus *canis* may have inherited from the elegiac tendency of some remote ancestor. Captive wolves, though, are rather silent pets; a full grown specimen captured by the trappers McClure & Brothers, of Beaverdam, North Carolina, used to sit for days in the same corner of his cage, contemplating his cornbread dinner in that deepest grief that fails to find relief in words.

On the wooded ridges that divide the upper tributaries of the Tellico, deer can be found the year round, turkeys and numerous raccoons further down; in the mountain stores a purchase of fifty 'coon-skins in a batch being nothing unusual. "Pheasants," too, abound; the eastern part of Monroe County is, indeed, one of the few districts of East America where the native hunters can disdain to waste their powder on squirrels, or, worse yet, on robins (*Turdus migratorius*) which the pot-hunting darkeys of Northern Alabama kill every winter by hundreds of thousands.

There was a time when the settlers of the Alleghanies killed raccoons only in defense of their corn-fields, but never for food, turkeys being so plenty that any smart boy could bag them by dozens a day; and the chronicle of "Cincinnati's Beginnings" describes the dilemma of the store-keeper unable to accommodate and unwilling to displease scores of customers coming in with wagon-loads of *deer hams*—not venison in bulk, but venison tidbits, which they tried in vain to sell at two cents a pound. Now the supply falls so grievously short of the

demand that some of the leading caterers have their agents in every station of the Kentucky mountain railroads.

Leopardi, the Italian pessimist, holds that the Romans of the Cæsarean era gobbled up the cream of this world, and, in some respects, the clabber, too, leaving us nothing but the sour whey. With similar emotions a grandson of those Ohio pioneers may sometimes reflect on the exploits of his deer-slaying ancestors, who left him nothing but "groundhog-pork"—and not much of that.

Forty miles south of the Tellico, where the twin-children of the highlands, the Toccoa and Hiawassee, lose themselves in the plain, like genius in the service of the State, the long-stretched table-land range of the Chillhowees rises up boldly to a height of two thousand two hundred feet. In the northeast, near the mountain resort of White Cliff Springs (which by the way, commands a view of the finest highland panorama in East America), the plateau is only three miles across, but widens as it approaches the Georgia border, where it attains a breadth of eleven miles, and in a still broader traverse range joins the main chain of the southern Alleghanies. Altogether the Chillhowees (with various local names—"Star's Mountain," "Chestnut Ridge" etc.) comprise some three hundred square miles of wooded table-lands, in part so thick molded and well watered that it is almost incredible that the total human population does not amount to more than twenty families—twelve of them not even permanent settlers, but herders who pass the winter in the "flat woods." But during their absence four-footed guests arrive in considerable numbers. The plateau of the Chillhowees is a favorite refuge of deer and other game at a time when the snow covers their summer pastures in the upper Unakas. According to the theory of an old Tennessee mountaineer, gunpowder has often been only a secondary agency in the work of game-destruction, and deer, at least, would still abound if it were not for the grievous surplus of hounds who have to while the time away by killing fawns and following a poor doe for days till they break her heart if they can not break her neck. The hunting-grounds of Polk County, Tennessee, seem to confirm that opinion. The southeastern corner of the State is a pastoral region where the interest of numerous sheep-owners has reduced the number of hounds to a blest minimum, and, as a deer-range the mountains have in consequence main-

tained their ancient reputation. "Chillhowee," in the language of the Cherokees, means "Fire-Deer," in allusion to a tradition that a deer, shining like flaming fire, was once seen running along the ridge of the mountain, stampeding the normal bucks in every direction. Less preternatural fires still dislodge those bucks in spring, when the herders burn out the dead leaves, but some of the female relatives seem to stay behind, for the Chillhowee is a favorite resort of fawn-hunters. In some districts of East Tennessee, pet deer are, indeed, as common as pet monkeys in Hindostan, and sometimes make a diversion in favor of their wild relatives by trying the mettle of the hound for the sake of sheer fun. Billy Resor, a Blount County teamster, owns a pet doe that visits the neighboring farms for the special purpose of starting the dogs on a wild-goose chase, for, after leading them a race of six or seven miles through the hills, she skips home by a roundabout way and distracts her pursuers by quietly grazing on the inside of a picket-fence, which she has learned to clear with a graceful jump.

How bears can ever succeed in catching such jumpers is hard to explain, but the proofs of their occasional success are found in the shape of bear-tracks leading to the remains of a mangled buck. Elisha Cronan, a carnivorous hermit of the southern Chillhowees, had repeatedly passed a whole day in the vain attempt of recapturing a runaway pig that stuck to the thickets of the plateau, but was too wary for his dogs. But one day, on a still-hunt for deer, he found the ragged carcass of that porker in the claws of a bear, who had dragged it up into the fork of a chestnut tree, but dropped it at sight of the hunter. Admonished by former failures, the outraged owner of the pork made no attempt to revenge himself by means of his shotgun, but ran home for his rifle and dogs. On his return, however, he found that the evildoer had improved his respite and vanished. Wolves, too, come sometimes across from the Tellico, or some unknown lurking-place in the Georgia highlands, but they rarely linger, and seem to have ascertained that the easiest conquests are not always the safest. They run down deer by dint of sheer perseverance, but spare sheep, possibly in the hope of passing the winter *sine bello*.

The charms of solitude have peopled the upland woods of the Chillhowees with "pheasants," at present, perhaps, the shyest birds of the New World, though a hundred years ago

they seem to have been as tame as partridges. Their nest-hens used to "play lame," like quails — *i. e.* flutter along the ground in simulated helplessness — in the hope of diverting the hunter from their eggs, but with results which in the course of time cured them of that delusion. For the same reason she-bears with cubs are, nowadays, apt to take abruptly to their heels, instead of facing the hunter, aware, as it seems, that they can not mend matters by a reckless self-sacrifice. The habits of deer have undergone a still more remarkable change. Leander Presswood, the pioneer of the Chillhowees, remembers a time when they used to graze the plateau in flocks, like sheep, and at the approach of a man would prick up their ears, "whistle," and retreat at a trot for a hundred yards or so, when they would stop and look back, and fall to grazing again, if the intruder pursued his way or contented himself with looking at them. Now, the sight of a berry-picking boy is enough to set them galloping for the rest of the day.

The medieval churchmen thought it contrary to Scripture to shed the blood of their adversaries, so they merely burnt them alive; and on several rivers of the southern Alleghanies, where seine-fishing is prohibited by law, pot-fishers now attain their purpose by dynamite explosions. Yet there are still fish enough in the highland streams, as well as fish-otters; and even beavers have found inexpugnable retreats in the reed-islands of the upper Hiawassee, especially between the mouth of Shoal Creek and the Hiawassee Gap, six miles east of Benton. In the Toccoa (Occoee, as they call it in Tennessee), too, otters were caught every winter till a few years ago, when the fish of the lower river were turned belly up for miles by an eruption of a tank containing the accumulated drainage of the Ducktown Copper Mines.

From the ridge of the Chillhowees the southwestern headland of the Appalachian mountain system, the cloud-capped summit of the Cohuttas, in Northern Georgia, is in plain view, and can be reached by a trail that follows the backbone of the Unakas for half a hundred miles. Here the Alleghanies, the "endless mountains," as the Eastern Cherokees called them, terminate in a lofty plateau, where a good deal of game has found refuge from the pursuit of the Atlanta sportsmen. From the valley of the Toccoa the approach to the Co-hutta highlands is defended by a rampart of precipices, broken here and there by the gap

of an accessible, though desperately rocky mountain gorge. By one of these gaps the companions of De Soto ascended the plateau on their western exploring trip, and entrenched themselves on the summit of Fort Mountain, where they kept the Indians at bay till they had satisfied themselves about the auriferous properties of the soil. From three sides their stronghold was almost inaccessible, and I have often wondered how that Georgia Gibraltar happened to be overlooked by our Southern engineers. A few weeks' digging would have made the position inexpugnable, and it would have been hard to starve the garrison, for the plateau is fairly alive with rabbits and wood-chucks, and abounds with chestnuts, hazelnuts, and all sorts of berries, as well as springs, some of them expanding into fair-sized brooks, fringed with pretty and, in this latitude, almost evergreen mountain meadows. Deer range between these pastures and those of the neighboring Cowpens Mountains, and there is no doubt that both highlands still harbor panthers. Last winter one of their dens was discovered at Falls Creek, in Gilmer County, Ga., and two years ago a fine specimen was trapped near a miner's camp in the Eastern Cohuttas. In summer they feast on the small game of hunting-grounds nearly all their own, for tracking them with dogs is extremely difficult, as they have become almost exclusively arboreal in their habits. Before the war they were often seen in the Pine Log Mountains, and on the upper Chattahoochee, but the clearing of forests has made those reservations untenable. In Tennessee, too, since cotton has invaded the country east of the Hiawassee, the hillward exodus of game animals has become epidemical.

The axe has, indeed, begun to transform the physical geography of East America. If the progress of tree-destruction in the Western Alleghanies should continue at the present rate, the yearly inundations of the Ohio Valley will soon assume an appalling magnitude, and ere long the scenes of the river-suburbs of Louisville and Cincinnati will repeat themselves at Nashville and Chattanooga, while the summers will become hotter and dryer. In the Gulf States the work of desiccation has made alarming progress; brooks and streams shrink from year to year, and warm summers expose the gravel of river-beds which, fifty years ago, could hardly be touched by the keels of heavy-laden vessels. East America is drying up; even in the paradise of the bluegrass

region the failing of springs has obliged many stock-raisers to remove their herds to the mountains.

After weathering so many cliffs strewn with the wrecks of Eastern empires, it seems hard to believe that the children of the new covenant, the champions of common sense, should repeat the *ne-plus-ultra* folly of indiscriminate forest destruction. Some of our pilots seem to have recognized the breakers ahead, but if we intend to alter our course there is not much time to lose. Forest committees should be organized in every county of the United States; every tree of the few remaining Government timberlands should be protected by a responsible forester (in Central Europe an almost ubiquitous official); new trees should be planted on waste fields wherever the soil has not yet utterly lost its reproductive power; and in all

new settlements the best system would be the plan that has preserved the fertility of the South Carolina "Piedmont counties" (Oconee and Pickens, especially), where the primeval forest has been spared on all ridges and hill-tops, with the result that the valleys are still as productive as in the days of the first colonists. The Georgia border counties have followed that example, but further west, in the northern tier of the "cotton counties," our countrymen seem to have forgotten the fate of the gray dust-land that was once the Mediterranean paradise. Woods, so-called, are still found here and there, but their foliage throws a rather tenuous shade; the woodpecker flits shyly from tree to tree, and the squirrel seems to gather its winter supply in a nervous hurry, as if it knew that in a few years its children will have to dispense with hickory-nuts.

*Felix L. Oswald.*

### HADRIAN, DYING, TO HIS SOUL.

"**I**F a man," says Gibbon, "were called to fix the period in the history of the world during which the condition of the human race was most happy and prosperous, he would, without hesitation, name that which elapsed from the death of Domitian to the accession of Commodus." (A. D. 96-180.)

Perhaps the most attractive figure of that golden century was Hadrian, Emperor of Rome. Distinguished alike for his skill and valor as a general, and the wisdom and beneficent energy of his civic life; he added strength and happiness to the Empire, and had much to do with rearing the celebrated structure of the Roman Law. Not content with being the "laborious autocrat of the world," he sought to excel in all branches of learning and of art. In philosophy, in rhetoric, in architecture, in painting, in sculpture, and in music, he aspired to be the rival of the most famous of his age. In the pursuit of knowledge, he traversed the known world; visiting even remote Britain, across which, from sea to sea, he erected "Hadrian's Wall," to separate his barbarous subjects from the ferocious Scots. He built for his residence, on the Tiber, the most splendid villa that Rome ever knew; eight miles around, and wherein was modeled in miniature the world and hades. And his mausoleum was surpassed only by the tombs of the Egyptian kings.

Tempering absolute power with "the sweets of philosophy," his reign was powerful yet benevolent, and his private life stately, yet companionable.

Of his achievements as emperor nothing remains; and the Christian castle of St. Angelo has usurped his tomb. But Hadrian still lives, immortal, in the five little lines, with which, when dying, he addressed his soul:

*Animula, vagula, blandula,  
Hospes, comesque corporis,  
Quæ nunc abibis in loca,  
Pallidula, rigida, nudula;  
Nec, ut soles, dabis jocos?*

Many efforts have been made to render into English these playful yet pathetic words of the pagan emperor. The Earl of Carnarvon, in a recent number of the *National Review*, has collected some of these into an interesting essay; and has added a translation of his own, with the remark: "The extreme terseness and condensation of Latin, can not be easily reproduced in our more diffuse English, and, if the difficulties of grammar are overcome in the attempt to give the sense in an equal number of words or lines, the grace and playfulness, the pathos and the subtle spirit of the original are too often lost." He therefore inclines to the belief that to render it properly it is neces-

## HADRIAN, DYING, TO HIS SOUL.

sary to "assume some license, in order to catch its spirit, without too strict a regard to its actual terms."

It is interesting to observe how widely the translators differ as to the best setting for the gem:

## Matthew Prior (1664-1721):

Poor little, pretty, fluttering thing,  
Must we no longer live together?  
And dost thou preene thy trembling wing,  
To take thy flight thou know'st not whither?  
Thy humorous vein, thy pleasing folly,  
Lies all neglected, all forgot;  
And pensive, wavering melancholy  
Thou dread'st, and hop'st thou know'st not what.

## Alexander Pope (1688-1744):

Ah, fleeting spirit! wandering fire!  
That long hath warmed my tender breast,  
Must thou no more this frame inspire;  
No more a pleasing cheerful guest?  
Whither, ah whither, art thou dying,  
To what dark undiscovered shore?  
Thou seem'st all trembling, shivering, dying,  
And wit and humor are no more.

## Lord Byron (1788-1824):

Ah! gentle, fleeting, wavering sprite,  
Friend and associate of this clay!  
To what unknown region borne  
Wilt thou now wing thy distant flight?  
No more with wonted humor gay,  
But pallid, cheerless, and forlorn.

## Dean Merivale (1808-—):

Soul of mine, pretty one, flitting one,  
Guest and partner of my clay,  
Whither will thou lie away,—  
Pallid one, rigid one, naked one—  
Never to play again, never to play.

## Lord Carnarvon:

Wandering, fleeting life of mine,  
Spirit human, or divine;  
Partner, friend, and closest mate,  
Of this earthly, fleshly state;  
Gentle sprite, mysterious thing,  
Whither now art taking wing?  
Into realms of bliss or woe?  
Place of loveliness or fear?  
Whither, Spirit, dost thou go—  
Somewhere, nowhere, far or near?

Yes—thou goest, Spirit—yes,  
In thy paleness, nakedness—

Mirth is banished,  
Jest hath vanished,  
Into gloom and dreariness.

To these Lord Carnarvon adds the familiar hymn of Pope:

## THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.

Vital spark of heav'nly flame!  
Quit, oh quit, this mortal frame:  
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,  
Oh the pain, the bliss of dying!  
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,  
And let me languish into life.

Hark! they whisper; Angels say,  
"Sister Spirit come away!"  
What is this absorbs me quite?  
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,  
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?  
Tell me, my Soul, can this be Death?

The world recedes; it disappears!  
Heav'n opens on my eyes! my ears  
With sounds seraphic ring:  
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!  
O Grave! where is thy victory?  
O Death! where is thy sting?

This hymn, however, was not published by Pope as a translation of Hadrian; though evidently made up almost wholly from Hadrian's lines, from the beautiful words of St. Paul, "O Death where is thy sting?" etc. (I Corin. 15-55), and from some verses of an obscure old rhymester, Thomas Flatman, published about 1674, which ran thus:

"When on my sick bed I languish,  
Full of sorrow, full of anguish,  
Fainting, gasping, trembling, crying,  
Panting, groaning, speechless, dying;  
Methinks I hear some gentle spirit say,  
'Be not fearful, come away.'"

Notwithstanding Lord Carnarvon's dictum—that in translating it is "not likely to lead to success" if one "adhere as closely as language will permit to the original"—may I venture to add an effort in that direction?

## HADRIAN, DYING, TO HIS SOUL.

My pleasing, wayward little soul,  
Guest and companion of this clay!  
Into what places wilt thou stray,  
When thou art naked, pale and cold?  
Wilt then give pleasure,—as of old?

G. M. Davie.

## THE KU-KLUX KLAN: AN APOLOGY.

*"Shall the Future judge me by the ends  
That I have wrought, or by the dubious means  
Through which the stream of my renown hath run  
Into the many-voiced unfathomed Time."—RICHELIEU.*

AN article published some time ago in the *Century Magazine*, and afterward in book form, purporting to be a history of the Ku-Klux Klan, has been read with more or less interest by those contemporaneous with the events that have made the period of reconstruction a most important part of the history of our country, as well as by those who are too young to have had any personal knowledge of the troublous days that in spirit were but little less terrible than the conflict which had just preceded. The reasons for this interest are obvious. The article comes from one who is thought to speak authoritatively, and whose home is where this mystic band is supposed to have originated. It deals with a subject about which there has been as much conjecture as has ever been about the Junius Letters or the Man of the Iron Mask. Young people of to-day can hardly realize that eighteen years ago there sprang into existence detached and disassociated bodies of men over all of the South, who, without head, without systematic organization, without means of inter-communication, set at defiance the Government of the United States and the State governments that were supported by soldiery; whose impersonal authority was seemingly recognized in the final withdrawal of the Government troops from the South, and the restoration of State authority after eleven years of political misrule.

It is unfortunate that this article has been permitted to pass without question as an authentic account of the origin and growth of an organization for whose deeds of violence the South alone will be held responsible. The plea that the Ku-Klux Klan was merely a casual thing, for which nobody in particular should be held accountable, is no excuse whatever for its existence; but from lack of interest, or from policy, no one has come forward to controvert it; and now, if the public will permit one who had but little more than attained to the estate of manhood when the last bayonet that had upheld the fabric of reconstruction was unfixed, and the retreating tread of the military was heard without the gates of New Orleans—leaving the South free to settle

her own troubles in her own way—he will try to record what seems to him the correct explanation of the rise and growth of the Ku-Klux Klan, supplementing with honesty of purpose whatever information he may lack upon the subject he has attempted. He would not be understood, though, as indorsing all that was done by the Ku-Klux Klan, yet he would have the coming generations of Southern people know that their fathers did not resort to the mask and the revolver from mere love of bloodshed, and the world to know that the South had a grievance which it could not correct except by the extremest measures of resistance.

What I have undertaken to say here is not meditated in a spirit of inquiry into what seems to be the primary thought in the article referred to, for where the Ku-Klux Klan originated is a matter of little historical value except as it relates to causes that made the organization a necessary evil. I shall have occasion, though, to advert to points in the article where reason and probability are at variance with what I am inclined to believe is more speculation than fact.

It is very hard for an American who has had personal knowledge of the events that followed the civil war in the United States to discuss them without magnifying grievances on the one hand, and, on the other, underestimating what might seem to have justified the cause of such grievances. Many of the disturbing incidents which marked the era of reconstruction came under my personal notice; and while I observed them from a Southern point of view, I have endeavored to clear my mind of any bias that might incline me to excuse unjustifiable actions on the part of the Southern people, or refuse to weigh the causes that actuated the North in its opposition to the methods we used to rid ourselves of the burdens imposed upon us under the Republican protectorate.

In all ages the weak have had recourse to extreme measures to rid themselves of oppression. We had either to follow the examples of history or bear wrongs that we were implicitly guaranteed against by the surrender; and,

as I view the consequences of Republican administration in the Southern States, after nine years of comparative peace against the eleven years of constant turmoil which had gone before, I can not but conclude, with all pity for those who have suffered innocently, that the South is justified in the means it used to accomplish an end which brought protection to all of its citizens alike.

Very little that has been written about the Ku-Klux Klan is authentic, and we shall probably never know positively where and how it originated. Mr. Wilson, the writer of the paper referred to, says that it was organized by a few unemployed young men about Pulaski, Tenn.; that it was intended for amusement, and intimates that it would have disbanded in a little while but for the magic name it assumed. That the Klan first came to light in Tennessee has been known from the beginning of its history; that Pulaski is the town where it originated it is not worth while now to question; that the originators organized for amusement is possible; but that any number of men joined the Klan with the idea that its object was amusement, or that the societies out of the immediate vicinity of Pulaski, as far back as the autumn of 1866, were organized for such puerile buffoonery as college-boys are wont to indulge in, is in the highest degree improbable. Truth is, the manhood of the South was never more in earnest than it was in the year 1866. The cap and bells and the bauble were not for the times, and there was scarcely a man that had been in the Confederate army but had gone resolutely to work long before the time of the Ku-Klux organization.

Macaulay says that it is the age that forms the man, not the man that forms the age; and adds that the sixteenth century would evidently have had a schism in the church if Luther had never been born. So it was with "The Invisible Empire." Its birth depended on no idlers, its continuance on no magic name. The germ which was implanted when the bonds were taken from the slave and put upon the master started a system of moral evolution that would have eventually produced the Ku-Klux Klan if every man in Tennessee had been a Republican.

Mr. Wilson tells us that the amusement was in, and the interest sustained by, the initiation of new members; and that the Klan was disbanded in the spring of 1869 "by order of the Grand Wizard."

If it were amusing to assemble upon some

mountain-crag or in some deep ravine, and administer a fearfully solemn oath to a friend, a brother, or a son or a father perhaps, while the owl and the whippoorwill lent their weird cries to the awe-inspiring ceremony, then the initiation was amusing.

No, the times nor the movements of the Klan hardly indicated any thing like intentional amusement.

It is pretty well settled, from what is known of the workings of the order, that there was no supreme authority at any point that was recognized by the various Dens. There were no uniform grips or pass-words that one organization might be known by to a member of another, unless it were by mere chance. Notwithstanding this, the klans came into existence methodically wherever there was work to be done, and disbanded when that work was accomplished. If the Klan in Tennessee disbanded earlier than it did elsewhere, it was because its mission there was at an end. The abuses which had grown out of the war could not be remedied by lawful means. The State government was in the hands of men that would administer the laws fairly. The Government troops were there no longer. Governor Brownlow's militia had gone. Men whose only crime was that they had fought on the losing side now had immunity from the pistol and the bludgeon. Ladies were no longer subject to insult upon the street from their former slaves. But this was not so every where. Abuses of the worst character existed still in sister States, and the Ku-Klux that sought to reform them were not different in kind from those who had reformed abuses in Tennessee. The men that General Sheridan wished the President to proclaim banditti in Louisiana in 1876 were virtually the same that Brownlow had proclaimed against eight years before; organized upon the same basis and struggling for the same principles—the safety of life and property and the right of self-government.

Notwithstanding the "order of the Grand Wizard" for the organization in Tennessee to disband, it did not disband entirely till nearly three years after this "order" was issued. I speak of this to show that there was no recognized supreme authority governing the various Dens.

But supposing it shall be conceded that the Ku-Klux Klan was organized solely for amusement, is this a sufficient apology to future generations of American people for its continuance and the sanction it had from the best

people where it originated, in face of the fact that it had grown relentless in its punishment of wrong? The world will say, no. Let us see what history says in justification of its existence and its actions.

From the beginning of the Ku Klux organization the North has looked upon it as a species of thuggism, born of a natural love of crime, and perpetrated solely for the murder or banishment from the South of the white Republican and the re-enslavement of the negro. To counteract this belief seems to have been the laudable object Mr. Wilson had in view in advancing the idea that the Klan was organized for amusement; but there are many that will not accept this view, and to such I hope the theory here submitted will commend itself as reasonable.

To determine what made so formidable an organization a possibility after the majority of persons composing it had just been defeated in a civil war of four years' duration, it is necessary to know something of the Southern people as they were before the war, and of the change of temperament which was wrought in them by the military discipline of that long struggle. There have probably never been in a sparsely populated agricultural country like the South people more refined than were to be found in that portion of the United States sixty years ago. The refinement did not extend to a large class, but to a class which arrogated to itself the right to dictate to the yeoman as well as the slave. To some extent this exclusive caste existed even a quarter of a century ago; but there was a larger and what might be termed higher middle class which, at the beginning of the war, probably represented the greater part of the wealth of the Southern States. The older male members of this class were not unlike the English gentry of the seventeenth century. They were men of ordinary intelligence, but men proud and courageous. They had generally married in a higher station of life than they were born to, and had thus been brought into close social relationship with older and better families.

What for convenience' sake I shall term the lower middle class was composed of the small freeholders. These men were, as a rule, illiterate, but they were not wanting in patriotism. They were hardy and patient, and their bravery has won for them their country's love and admiration.

These classes were brought into the closest contact in camp-life, where they shared each

other's hard fare for four years. A private soldier, whose father might own a hundred slaves, would care for a sick comrade who might have been an overseer, take his place on picket duty if necessary, play cards with him, joke with him, and yet imperiously demand the retraction of an imagined insult from an officer of any rank. From the higher-born the lower-born imbibed spirit, self-respect, and pride of State; from the lower-born the higher-born learned self-discipline.

Such was the *personnel* of the army which surrendered upon the magnanimous and soldierly conditions of peace which General Grant made to General Lee in April, 1865.

In General Grant's letter to General Lee in reference to the surrender he said, "The officers and men will be allowed to return to their homes, and shall not be disturbed by the United States authority so long as they observe the laws in force where they reside."

It is not pertinent now for me to ascribe the blame to any one for the failure to fulfill that promise; but it is pertinent to say that if those captives had known that the Government, whose non-interference with them had thus been pledged, would promote measures for entering their legislative halls and dispersing their representatives at the point of the bayonet, that their laws might be subverted, that they might be governed by the ignorant and the vicious, they would have succumbed to nothing short of the means which the Normans used to exterminate our Anglo-Saxon progenitors. But they did not know it. They went home, such of them as had homes left, accepting in good faith what their captors had promised them. How the promise was broken I shall attempt to show. Before entering upon this, however, I shall speak of others who shared the oppression, and consequently the dissatisfaction of the ex-Confederate soldier.

There were in the South at the close of the war a large number of youths and young men that had taken no part in the struggle. Their ethical creed did not recognize the justice of visiting the sins of the father upon the child. They were in no way responsible for the rebellion, nor were they inclined to be sufferers from its evil results. To them the debt and the honor of the State would naturally descend; their property was to pay the one, and they were expected to preserve the other. They thought there was no more honorable way of doing this than by defending the lives and property of their own people. Though they

had not served in the army, they had nevertheless been accustomed to grave responsibilities. The protection of property and the defense of woman's honor frequently fell to the lot of these young men during the war, and at their hands many a marauder paid with his life the penalty of dastardly trespass upon the citizen's domain. They suffered from the lawlessness that the non-combatant is always subject to in an invaded country; and when the cessation of armed hostilities gave them no immunity from this, they were in a mood to stake their chances upon any corrective expedient that might offer itself.

Here we have the elements which united in a common cause. A negro had outraged a white woman, and about the negro the National Government spread its protecting wings. The friends of the woman, with mash and revolver, paid the negro's cabin a visit at night, and a dead negro and the arrest of every male relative and friend of the outraged woman was the local result, while the nation rang with the details of "a horrible and sickening massacre of negroes by rebel traitors." On a public day some Unionist, with his friends, had shot or beaten an ex-Confederate, who might have had the temerity to venture where only loyalty had the right to go. The National Government interfered again in behalf of the Unionist. Another meeting of friends—this time of the ex-Confederate—intoxication, and a beaten or dead Unionist was the local result. The military, fifty arrests—where probably not more than six persons had been engaged—and the Union rang again with accounts of "another rebel outrage."

## II.

It is fitting here to touch upon the character of Southern men that sided with the Union. No persons that have taken part in the affairs of our Government at any time are more worthy of admiration than the Southern men that openly and honestly espoused the national cause in 1860 and 1861. A man speaking out against secession then was a traitor and deserved the gibbet, said the fire-eater; and the secession sympathizer that countenanced him, or sheltered him from the persecution of the fire-eater, was considered as culpable as the traitor himself. The Unionist in many instances was hounded, his family proscribed and subjected to the gibes of the rabble; and his life was saved only by the daring interference of such Southern friends as had not become estranged

from him by the passions of the hour. Sometimes he was driven from his home at night, and by the flames of his own roof he watched from his hiding-place in the woods his homeless wife and children wander away in search of pitying refuge. No excuse can be made for the proscription these men suffered; but it is due the South to say that in nearly every instance these wrongs were actuated by personal malice aggravated by political hostility, and committed without authority from a Confederate officer. That these men would avenge themselves when opportunity offered was to be expected; but with true magnanimity they refrained from carrying their vengeance further than the punishment of those individuals who had first wronged them; and as anomalous as it may seem, their influence at the close of the war was generally on the side of the ex-Confederate soldier.

There was another class of Union men who, as a rule, composed the white portion of the Union League of America in the South. With these the war was a game of "heads I win, tails you lose." The chances were all in their favor. They were time-servers and place-hunters, and if the Union was saved they were provided for; if it was lost they could easily go over to the winning side, just as the time-servers and place-hunters that fought to destroy the Union have gone over to the Republican party since the cause of their preference was lost. It fact a great many of the Union men that have been denominated "scalawags" were apostates from the secession party, and many were in reality deserters from the Confederate standard. These were the most uncompromising promoters of discord that the South had to contend with. With the base cowardice that marks the deserter, and the bitter hatred peculiar to the apostate, they waged their war of calumny with the untiring assertion of assumed righteousness. Their auxiliaries were the negroes and the Northern men that came South at the end of the war. The latter were not bad men altogether. They came for the purpose of filling the offices; and some of them performed their official duties faithfully. A party by any other name, or advocating any other principles, though, would have suited them equally as well as the Republican party. Not a few of the more astute among them broke with the Republicans when the handwriting on the wall warned them of impending doom, and to-day they are doing good service for the Democrats, keeping a watchful

eye on the tariff breach in the Democratic ranks, and holding themselves in readiness to cast their lot with the stronger side. The "carpet-baggers," as these men have been called, did not often engage personally in the violent actions which resulted in bloodshed. I believe they honestly deprecated such violence; but they encouraged things that they might have foreseen would result disastrously had they known the Southern character better. Yet, if they were less vindictive than the native white Republicans, they lied with commendable zeal whenever the interest of the party seemed to require it. Except in two or three States under reconstruction they were not often actively engaged in the fierce measures which the native white Republicans were constantly instigating, but there were instances where they were equally aggressive; and their presence in the South certainly intensified and prolonged the bitter animosities which had grown out of the war.

### III.

When the war ended both armies believed that within a few months the States that had withdrawn from the Union would be governed by their own people, and that in a little while the Union would be as it had been, the institution of slavery, and some modifications of the constitution excepted. The soldiers of the Confederate army went home prepared to accept all that was implied in the conditions of peace. The States were at once subjected to military control, and under this the people were oppressed beyond endurance.

Machiavelli lays down three rules for governing a country that has been accustomed to live under its own laws; and the surest of these, he says, is to destroy it. Our conquerors, it seemed, had determined upon the surest to apply to us.

Following the establishment of military rule came a formidable government official to supplement the conditions of protection which were implied in the terms of peace. This person was in almost every instance an adventurer. His duty was to administer to the people an oath of allegiance to the Federal Government. His charge for this was generally in proportion to the susceptibility to fear of the person taking the oath, though I believe the Government limited the fee. If the person applying for the oath to be administered had many enemies among his neighbors that had lately been in

the Union army, there was not infrequently purposed delay which brought him to compromise with the officer at some extortionate price. The people soon came to know that the parchment certificate of their loyalty did not protect them, and those who had been tardy could now take the oath for any price from fifty cents to the fee as fixed by the Government.

Next came the Freedmen's Bureau. How men and women were arrested and carried twenty to fifty miles to answer some petty charge before this tribunal history has already told; but no one that has not experienced the pain and humiliation of having a wife or a mother or a sister arrested and taken from home by its mandate to answer a complaint rarely sustained, can know how great the temptation was to resist such oppression.

Meantime the Union League of America was established every where in the South. I do not think this organization was composed, as Mr. Wilson says, "altogether of the disorderly elements of the negro population and led by white men of the basest type." It was composed in the beginning, at least, of every class of people in the Republican party. It is thought by the people of the North that this order was organized in the South for the mutual protection of its members, and that it was not used as a means of promoting partisan politics. If so its organization was untimely, for it was organized when the South was covered with the military to protect the Union men; and its discontinuance was inexpedient, for it ceased with the downfall of the Republican party in the reconstructed States, when, of all times, according to the Republican idea, the Union men in the South stood most in need of protection. Further on I shall endeavor to show that the Union League made a sad departure, as did the Ku-Klux Klan according to Mr. Wilson, from its original innocent intentions.

Let us now turn to the specific causes which brought about a general resistance of force by force, resulting in what has been termed "The Invisible Empire."

Inasmuch as Tennessee was the field where the Ku-Klux Klan originated and first operated, I shall confine my observations mainly to that State, citing first, however, instances of a more general character elsewhere to show that great abuses existed in all of the States forming the late Confederacy.

In Rockbridge County, Virginia, in 1865, a man was tried for killing a negro, and found

not guilty, whereupon the department military commander ordered his re-arrest. He was about to be tried by military commission when a writ of *habeas corpus* was served upon the department officer. The writ was ignored, but after much annoyance the prisoner was ordered released upon advice from the Attorney General to the President that the commission had assumed something beyond its jurisdiction. In the same State General Schofield suppressed lectures and muzzled the press.

In South Carolina a judge passed sentence upon a man for theft. By order of General Sickles the judge was arrested, and commanded to revoke the sentence. He refused to do so, saying the law had prescribed the penalty. The thief was taken by force from the custody of the sheriff and set free. The judge closed his court and refused to continue on the circuit. By order of General Canby this same judge was removed from office, and his place filled by another man. This was because the judge had refused to interpret the law as it was understood by the military. In Georgia civil officers were arbitrarily removed by General Meade. General Woods issued an order prohibiting the Episcopal ministers in the Diocese of Alabama from performing divine services, because the Bishop of the Diocese had recommended that the prayer for the President of the United States be omitted from the service. In Mississippi orders were issued forbidding citizens to assemble under any pretense. In many places churches were closed lest spies of the Union League should report to General Ord that disloyal citizens were conspiring against the government. In 1867 several of the municipal officers of Vicksburg were removed by the military. The Governor of the State was removed by force in the same year. Before this the Chief Justice of the State had resigned because the Supreme Court of the State was held in subordination to the bayonet. From Louisiana, in 1867, General Sheridan wrote General Grant, "I fear I shall have to remove Governor Wells, of this State." General Grant advised him that the removal just then was inexpedient. Later in the same year the Governor of Louisiana was removed by General Sheridan's order.

In a message in 1867 the President of the United States said, "It is impossible to conceive any state of society more intolerable than this to which twelve millions of American citizens are reduced." He told the people of the Union that the South was denied every

sacred guarantee of the Constitution. "Of what avail will it be to any one of these people," he said, "when seized by a file of soldiers, to ask for the cause of arrest or for the production of the warrant? Of what avail to ask for the privilege of bail when in military custody, which knows no such thing as bail? Of what avail to demand a trial by jury, process for witnesses, a copy of the indictment, the privilege of counsel, or that greater privilege, the writ of *habeas corpus*?"

The first law of nature had now begun to assert itself. This oppression had gone on for two years after the close of the war. The South continued to hope that there would be some relaxation of the iron hand, but hope gave way to despair when in the spring of 1867 the question of these usurpations was brought before the Supreme Court of the United States in the form of an application for an injunction against the President and General Ord. The injunction was not granted, the reasons for denying it being based upon expediency—the Chief Justice fearing a conflict between Congress and the Executive. Think of the Supreme Court of the United States in such an attitude before its creators, when the liberties of millions of our countrymen had been wrested from them!

I shall now revert to events in Tennessee, which were shaping themselves toward a fearful end.

In 1866, at Purdy, in the western part of the State, a man who had commanded a regiment in the Federal army assaulted and brutally beat an ex-Confederate soldier. The assailant was judge of the Eighth Judicial District at the time. The man whom he assaulted had dared to express his approbation of the LaCrosse Democrat's strictures upon General Butler's conduct at New Orleans. This was the sole offense. In McNairy County lived a man named Roland Williams, who had been in the Confederate army, and was thought to be a dangerous person. He was suspected of advising his neighbors not to submit to the indignities which were heaped upon them. It was thought by persons composing the chapter of the Union League nearest his home that it would be well to "silence" him. He had been in a company which, by order, had impressed some horses during the war, and for this he was now arrested on a charge of grand larceny. He was in the custody of the sheriff and a posse of men, and, with a trace-chain locked about both ankles, was being taken to

jail. He was shot down on the way by the officers, who claimed that he had tried to escape. Not twenty minutes before his death he said to the sheriff, "You know I did n't try to run. I could n't have run if I had tried." And such was the truth. The man's feet were chained so closely together that to run would have been impossible.

And yet to the clubbings and murders was to be added massacre. An election was at hand, and Brownlow had covered the State with militia. Some Democratic speakers had appointments at Purdy, but the Union League had decided that they should not be filled. A large number of ex-Confederate soldiers were expected to be present, and it was planned that the militia should be made drunk, a disturbance raised between them and the speakers, and a general riot should follow. Fortunately a friendly negro disclosed the plot, and persons were sent out of town to warn the speakers of what was contemplated. But the work of making the negroes drunk began early in the morning, and by eleven o'clock they were like a horde of savages, howling, cursing, and shooting at every body and into every house. A few of the persons that had assembled were told of what was coming, and they left the place; others shut themselves in their houses, expecting every moment that their doors would be forced open, and that they with their families would be murdered. I know not whether it was the prayers of the women for their husbands and their children that changed the course of the savage fiends, but for some cause

they turned against those who had urged them on, and the sheriff was killed and two or three other persons were wounded. This riot was incited by a chapter of the Union League, the leading spirits of which were the judge of the Eighth Judicial District, the sheriff of McNairy County, the county court clerk of McNairy County, and the captain of the militia, who was from Ohio.

The question now was, Shall our yoke and sufferance show us womanish? Already wives and mothers and sisters were asking themselves, Are these men that stand with folded hands and blanched cheeks the same whose courage we sustained for four years by our self-sacrifices? You have seen what the President of the United States said of the condition of affairs in the South; you have seen how the judges of our courts were forced to resign or become the puppets of the military; you have seen how utterly powerless Chief-Justice Chase told us he was to enforce an order for our relief.

Out of this oppression was born the Invisible Empire. Was it for amusement, think you!

I hope the South will not be considered the special abettor of mob law, because the God of the Universe has created in his children the spirit of self-preservation. There is not a man of us to-day but regrets the crisis that forced the South into such violent measures of resistance; yet there is not one of us, I believe, but would again in like manner resist to the death the same wrongs under the same hard conditions.

*George Braden.*

### DE MASSA OB DE SHEEPFOL'.

The following is by Miss Sally Pratt McLean, author of "Cape Cod Folks." "Without regard to its dialect," says a critic, "it is one of the most beautiful poems in the English language."

De massa ob de sheepfol'  
Dat guard de sheepfol' bin,  
Look out in th' gloomerin' meadows  
Whar de long night rain begin—  
So He called to de hirelin' shepa'd,  
Is my sheep, is dey all come in?

O, den says de hirelin' shepa'd,  
Dey's some, dey's black and thin,  
And some, dey's po' ol' wedder,  
But de res' dey's all brung in,  
But de res' dey's all brung in.

Den de massa ob de sheepfol'  
Dat guard de sheepfol' bin,

Goes down in de gloomerin' meadows,  
Where de long night rain begin—  
So He le' down de ba's ob de sheepfol',  
Callin' sof', Come in, Come in!  
Callin' sof', Come in, Come in!

Den up t'ro' de gloomerin' meadows,  
T'ro' de col' night rain and win',  
And up t'ro' de gloomerin' rain-paf  
Whar de sleet fa' pie'cin' thin,  
De po' los' sheep ob de sheepfol'  
Dey all comes gadderin' in,  
De po' los' sheep ob de sheepfol'  
Dey all comes gadderin' in.

## HOOD'S TENNESSEE CAMPAIGN.



SENATOR ISHAM G. HARRIS

### CHAPTER VIII.

**H**OOD'S infantry after the Battle of Franklin bivouacked on the field. When it was ascertained that the enemy had withdrawn his forces, relief parties with torches, in the early hours of the morning before day-break, were actively engaged in looking after the wounded and removing them to field-

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hospitals. These torch-bearers, with the infirmary corps and reliefs, made up with men detailed for that service, were to be seen on every part of the field, rendering assistance to thousands of wounded, whose agonized sufferings during that cold night appealed so largely to the sympathies of the human heart. The early dawn developed to the eye the extent and

magnitude of the disaster. A veteran army, wrecked on its field of battle, with its dead and wounded numbered by thousands, its regimental organizations shattered, its battle colors, its broken and scattered arms covering the field in front of the entrenched line, plainly told the story, even to the ordinary man with common observation, that its warrior crest, in the great conflict of battle disadvantageously delivered, with bloody hands had been torn from its brow. The dead and wounded marked the ground over which the various divisions charged; and immediately in front of the entrenched line, strewn with the bodies of slaughtered officers and men, unmistakably indicated the intense fury of the desperate assaults. In the entrenched line captured and held by Brown's division the dead were piled in the ditch in many instances seven deep; and regimental and company officers were to be seen, stiff in death, supported in almost upright positions by the dead, who had fallen around them, as they looked down through the dusk of eternity upon that ghastly line.

The dead were buried on the field, the wounded provided for at hospitals, and General Hood continued his march on Nashville. Forrest moved Chalmers' division and Biffle's demi-brigade on the Hillsboro pike to a point opposite Brentwood, with Buford and Jackson's divisions on the Wilson pike, and encountered the enemy at Owen's cross-roads in strong force. Morton's artillery was advanced and opened on the enemy. Buford's division charged and dislodged the enemy, capturing a few prisoners. Buford's and Jackson's divisions pursued the enemy to Brentwood. Chalmers marched his division, with Biffle's command, across the country and joined Forrest at Brentwood. Forrest marched his divisions on the several pikes toward Nashville and, finding that the enemy had reached Nashville, encamped for the night.

General Lee marched his corps through Franklin, on the Franklin and Nashville pike, and encamped at Brentwood. General Stewart marched his corps, late in the afternoon of December 1st, to the right of Franklin, crossed the Harpeth River at Mrs. McGavock's, and bivouacked. Cheatham's corps remained at Franklin until the morning of December 2d, when it marched on the Franklin pike to Nashville. On the morning of the 3d of December General Hood had established his lines in front of Nashville, with Cheatham's corps on the right, Lee's corps in the centre, and Stewart's

corps on the left. The right of Cheatham's corps rested east from the Nashville and Chattanooga Railroad, thence westwardly to and across the Nolensville pike. Lee's corps connected with Cheatham, and crossed the Franklin pike, and Stewart's corps connected with Lee, crossed the Granny White pike, and its left rested on a hill immediately east from the Hillsboro pike. Chalmer's division and Biffle's demi-brigade of cavalry were to the left of Stewart, and covered the Hillsboro, Harding, and Charlotte pikes. Jackson's and Buford's divisions of cavalry were on the right of Cheatham, extended across the Lebanon pike in the direction of the Cumberland River above Nashville. Bate's division, with Slocum's battery, Lieutenant Shalaron commanding, was detached from Cheatham's corps at Franklin and marched by the way of Triune to Murfreesboro, with instructions to destroy the railroad from Murfreesboro to Nashville, burn the bridges, and take the block-houses and burn them.

Governor Harris and Judge Robert L. Caruthers accompanied Hood's army on its march into Tennessee. Judge Caruthers had been elected Governor of Tennessee to succeed Governor Harris. Members of the legislature had also been elected. The inauguration of Judge Caruthers and the establishment of civil government, under the protection of Hood's army, was contemplated. It was believed that the establishment of civil government, with appropriate ceremonials, together with the exhibition of an organized military force, would give assurance to the people of Tennessee that the Confederate Government was able to maintain its position and afford protection to citizens within its lines. It was also believed that the citizens of Tennessee, wearied with military rule, the enforcement of martial law, and smarting under wrongs and acts of oppression received at the hands of military commanders, provost marshals, and a military governor, would unhesitatingly enlist in the military service and with many thousands recruit the Army of Tennessee.

The brave, generous, and intelligent people of Tennessee welcomed the advance of this veteran army. In its ranks marched the soldiers of Tennessee, on whose colors were inscribed historic battles in which their heroism and endurance had increased the reputation of the volunteer soldier. These people, animated by political sentiments and social ties which, when aroused from a sense of wrong and injus-

tice, respond to an opportunity to take up arms, enthusiastically shared the aspiration of the commanding general that his army was not for temporary deliverance but for permanent occupation.

The conscript law, that merciless engine of tyranny and oppression, during the brief halt of the army at Columbia, was enforced. The want of combination, rapid movement, and concentrated effort at Spring Hill aroused in the minds of the people a feeling of distrust

of his army, he resolved on a line of aggressive action without correctly computing his resources, and as a consequence obstinately perished in his effort. With absolute confidence in his abilities and the resources at his command, he attempted the investment of Nashville and expected, notwithstanding its strong fortifications and intrenched lines, to capture it. The fact that, in the first campaign of the Army of Tennessee, General Albert Sidney Johnston had marched his forces in retreat from Bowling Green, Kentucky, by and beyond Nashville, and refused to make an effort to occupy it, made no impression on him. The masterly movement of Schofield from Pulaski and Columbia he conceived to be a precipitate retreat, and believed that his enemy, apprehensive of capture, was anxious to escape him, notwithstanding the fact he had demonstrated his inability either to hold or cripple him at Franklin.

Forrest at once commenced to operate in rear of the right of the army. On the line of railroad from Nashville to Murfreesboro the enemy had constructed block-houses, which were garrisoned, to protect his line of communications south. Forrest determined to capture these small garrisons and destroy the block-houses. He appeared in force around these block-houses and invariably demanded a surrender, which sometimes was refused; and whenever this was the case Major Morton, with his artillery, was called into action, and the block-houses speedily reduced. Forrest captured all of the block-houses south of Nashville to Murfreesboro.

On the 4th of December General Hood ordered Forrest, with Jackson's and Buford's divisions, to move to Murfreesboro, and to leave a small command on the right to picket from the Murfreesboro and Nashville pike to the Cumberland River. Colonel Nixon, of Bell's brigade, was ordered on this duty. At La Vergne Jackson's division was moved to the right of the town, invested the fort on the hill, and Buford's division was moved on the block-house. General Forrest demanded the surrender of both the fort and block-house, which was complied with. The garrisons, with their arms, two pieces of artillery, wagons, and a considerable supply of stores were captured. Four miles south of La Vergne Forrest formed a junction with Bate, who had been ordered to report to him, for the purpose of operating against Murfreesboro. Forrest ordered General Jackson to send a brigade of his division



MAJ.-GEN. S. G. FRENCH, C. S. A.

in the abilities of General Hood successfully to solve the problem involved in his march into Tennessee. The disastrous battle at Franklin destroyed, in the minds of citizens, every vestige of belief in the ability of the Confederate authorities either to establish civil government or maintain its military lines; and it also extinguished all hope of recruiting the army by voluntary enlistment.

General Hood, however, was not discouraged at the misfortunes that befel his army nor with his failure to seize opportunities and turn them to his advantage. His sagacity took no note of warning from his perilous surroundings. His composure amounted to indifference to any calamity. He reasoned from no axiomatic principles, and without estimating physical facts that confronted him in the condition

across to the Wilson pike, and with his cavalry moved on both pikes and drove the enemy into his works at Murfreesboro. Buford was ordered to picket from the Nashville and Murfreesboro pike to the Lebanon pike on the left, and Jackson to picket on the right to the Salem pike. On the morning of the 6th Bate's division arrived in front of Murfreesboro, was immediately deployed into line of battle, and for two hours skirmished with the enemy outside of his works. General Forrest, with Pinson's regiment of cavalry, made a careful *reconnaissance* of the enemy's position and works.

Sears' brigade of French's division, and Palmer's brigade of Stevenson's division, reinforced Forrest on the night of the 6th. Palmer was put into position, in advance, on a hill, to the right, and endeavored, under cover of night, to intrench his line, but being without a supply of picks and shovels, he was unable to dig through the rocky surface of the hill. The next morning, from Palmer's position, the enemy were seen moving a force of infantry, artillery, and cavalry out of Murfreesboro on the Salem pike. Palmer's brigade was at once withdrawn to the Wilkinson pike, and General Forrest made disposition of his forces to meet the enemy. He deployed his infantry in line of battle, in front of Murfreesboro, south of Overall's creek, and to the right of the Wilkinson pike, facing the southwest, with the cavalry on the left. The artillery, numbering twelve guns, was temporarily organized into a battalion, and General Bate ordered Major Storrs to command it. Forrest moved his infantry rapidly from one position to another, with Storrs' artillery well in front. This line faced southwest, with Sears on the right, Palmer in the centre, and Finley's brigade on the left, with Jackson's and Smith's (Tyler's) brigades in reserve across the Wilkinson pike. Milroy marched out of Murfreesboro with his infantry and artillery, emerged from a skirt of woodland, about seven hundred yards, in easy range, when Storrs opened on him with his artillery, and in a few minutes he retired under cover of the timber. Milroy then moved his command to his right, about one half mile, faced to the left, and charged. Forrest quickly changed position, and was ready in line of battle to meet him. Storrs moved to the left, across the Wilkinson pike, and posted his artillery in front of the centre of the line of battle. Jackson's brigade was ordered in line to the left of Finley's brigade, and Sears was ordered to move his brigade to

the extreme left. Milroy's troops moved in good order across an open field about one thousand yards wide. Storrs opened on him with shell, and as he continued to advance in the open field, he gave the order to load with canister, when General Forrest rode up and ordered him to move his guns on the pike to the rear. When Sears was moving his brigade from the right to the left, Bate's division was seized with one of those strange and unaccount-



MAJ.-GENERAL JOHN C. BROWN, C. S. A.

able panics, that at times affect thorough and reliable troops, suddenly gave way, and retreated in a disorderly manner to the rear. This panic was so sudden and unexpected that a section of Slocum's battery, on the extreme left, was captured. Forrest and Bate vainly endeavored to rally the demoralized and retreating troops, notwithstanding the fact that Sears' and Smith's brigades were not panicked. Storrs moved his artillery across a cotton field about six hundred yards wide, and reformed in the edge of timber. At this point Forrest and Bate succeeded in rallying a few hundred of Bate's division. Forrest seized a regimental flag, and with great energy and magnetic fire attempted to arrest the disorganized movement to the rear, but without success. Jackson's division of cavalry promptly attacked the right flank of the enemy. Milroy pursued to the opposite side of the cotton field, halted, received the fire of Storrs' artillery, and sud-

denly retreated. The retrograde movement of Milroy was because Buford's division, with Morton's artillery on the extreme left, moved on the Woodbury road, and had entered Murfreesboro from the east, dislodged a small force of the enemy at the college, and penetrated into the town to the court-house, when Morton's guns announced to the surprised garrison that they were attacked in rear. This movement of Buford recalled Milroy within the fortifications at Murfreesboro.

On the 9th General Hood ordered Colonel Olmestead, commanding Mercer's brigade, to report to General Forrest, and Sears' brigade and Bate's division to rejoin the army in front of Nashville. Forrest ordered Palmer and Olmestead to destroy the railroad north of Murfreesboro to La Vergne. Buford's division was ordered to the Hermitage, and instructed to picket the Cumberland River, so as to prevent any flank movement from that direction. Jackson's division was ordered to operate south of Murfreesboro, and on the 13th captured a train of seventeen cars, and the Sixty-first Illinois regiment of infantry, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Grass. This train had been sent from Stevenson to Murfreesboro loaded with supplies of sixty thousand rations.

General Hood in front of Nashville had extended his line to the Cumberland River below Nashville; Rucker's brigade of cavalry on the extreme left, with two sections of Parrott guns, one from Briggs' and the other from Hoskins' batteries, were put in battery at Bell's landing, and blockaded the Cumberland River. This artillery frequently engaged the gunboats in the Cumberland, and inflicted some damage to transports.

General Lyon, commanding the Department of Western Kentucky, was ordered by General Hood in November to collect the troops in his department, and operate north of the Cumberland River, in rear of the enemy, and, if practicable, capture Clarksville, tear up and destroy the railroad and telegraph lines running into Nashville. General Lyon collected about eight hundred men, all new recruits, undisciplined, poorly organized and equipped, with two twelve pounder howitzers, and organized this force into two brigades. One brigade was put under the command of Colonel Turner, Thirteenth Tennessee infantry, and the other under Colonel Chenoweth, of Chenoweth's regiment. General Lyon marched his command from Paris on the 6th of December, crossed the

Tennessee River on the 8th, and on the 9th took possession of Cumberland City, thirty miles below Clarksville and ten above Fort Donelson, on the Cumberland River, captured a large steamer loaded with supplies and forage, which he used as a ferry-boat in carrying his command across the Cumberland River. Lyon also captured two other transports, and four barges loaded with supplies and army stores, which he anchored in the river and burned, destroying public property estimated at one million of dollars. General Lyon moved rapidly on Clarksville, which he found too strongly fortified and garrisoned to attack. He ordered Chenoweth's regiment to destroy the railroad from Red River bridge, four miles from Clarksville, to the junction of the Clarksville and Nashville road, with the road running from Clarksville to Russellville, and with the balance of his command he marched rapidly to Hopkinsville, Kentucky, twenty-five miles north of Clarksville, which was evacuated on his approach, and the garrison retreated to Russellville. At Hopkinsville, Lyon captured clothing and shoes for about one half of his command. He garrisoned Hopkinsville with Chenoweth's brigade and one piece of artillery, and with the remainder of his command moved on Cadiz, Princeton, and Eddyville, which were garrisoned with negro troops. These garrisons retreated on Smithland and Fort Donelson. Chenoweth was attacked by two brigades of McCook's division of cavalry, driven out of Hopkinsville, and his one piece of artillery captured. Lyon returned and met a small body of troopers, twelve miles from Hopkinsville, and drove them into town. Finding that he was greatly outnumbered, he withdrew sixteen miles from Hopkinsville and encamped. During the night Chenoweth joined him, and he moved his command through Madisonville pursued by the enemy, crossed Green River at Ashbysburg, marched on Hartford, captured the garrison and moved through Litchfield to Elizabethtown, on the Louisville & Nashville Railroad, south of Louisville, captured and destroyed valuable army stores accumulated there, and moved south to Nolin, captured a train loaded with soldiers, whom he paroled.

General Thomas anticipated the appearance of Hood's army in front of Nashville, and had concentrated his forces. The garrisons within his department, with the exception of those at Knoxville, Chattanooga, and Murfreesboro, had been drawn to Nashville. He was rein-

forced on the 30th of November by the Sixteenth corps, of three divisions, commanded by General A. J. Smith; by Steadman's forces from the District of Etowah; by twenty new regiments; by a large number of veteran soldiers, of the corps under Sherman, who had been left in Georgia and Tennessee; and by detachments drawn from the States north and northwest of him. He had collected his troops, gathered supplies, accumulated military stores, strengthened his lines of defense, and increased the armament of the forts that protected Nashville. His army, with the exception of a portion of Wilson's cavalry, which was being provided with remounts and equipments, was thoroughly organized and equipped. His preparations were on an enlarged and comprehensive scale, and executed with precision in all details. His methods, though apparently slow and cautious, irritated the authorities at Washington, who impatiently demanded that he should move his army from within the fortified lines around Nashville, and deliver battle. Unmoved by the impatience of his superiors, apparently indifferent to the criticism which his tardiness invoked, he pursued with increasing activity and vigilance the perfection of his plan of operations, and when ready he hurled his powerfully organized and equipped army on Hood, overwhelmed and routed him. Schofield's retreat from Columbia gave him ample time to provide for the execution of his plans.

Lieutenant-Commander Fitch patrolled the Cumberland River above and below Nashville with eight gunboats, and secured the line of communication from raids by Forrest's cavalry. McCook, with the second and third brigades of the first division of cavalry, was in pursuit of Lyon in Kentucky, and Wilder's brigade was at Louisville watching Lyon. Wilson, with a large body of cavalry, was at Edgefield, equipping his command for action and arduous service.

General Hood's army occupied the lines in front of Nashville, with immaterial changes, except on the left. Stewart's corps was extended on the left across the Hillsboro pike. Light field-works were constructed upon the crest of the hills west from the Hillsboro pike, and occupied with field artillery, supported by small detachments of infantry from Walthall's division. These detached, self-supporting field-works prolonged Stewart's line on the left,

with intervals between the hills. Ector's brigade, Colonel Coleman commanding, had been relieved as guard to the pontoon train, reported, and was ordered to take position to the left, on the Harding pike, with the Seventh Alabama cavalry between it and the batteries on the hill-tops near the Hillsboro pike. Rucker's cavalry was on the left of Coleman, extended across the Charlotte pike to the Cumberland River. The line on the left was unduly extended, inadequately manned, and, as a necessary consequence, weak, with numerous intervals in it west from the Hillsboro pike. Cockrell's brigade, Colonel Flournoy commanding, had been detached from French's division and ordered to the mouth of Duck River. Sears' brigade, recalled from Murfreesboro, was put in position in the salient, on the right of Walthall, immediately east from the Hillsboro pike. Bate's division, relieved from duty at Murfreesboro, rejoined Cheatham's corps in front of Nashville. Biffle's cavalry command was moved from the left to the right of the army.

Considering the strength of Hood's army with that of the powerful one confronting him, his detachments were numerous, widely scattered, and without a well-considered objective in view. He was especially inconsiderate of probable consequences in his disposition of Forrest's cavalry at Murfreesboro. Cheatham repeatedly informed him that, from the elevations on the right of his corps, he could see the constant and unceasing efforts of Wilson to increase the strength and efficiency of his cavalry corps. It was evident that General Thomas intended to increase his cavalry, and make it a powerful and reliable arm of service.

On the 8th of December the weather suddenly changed, and, with sleet and snow, it was intensely cold. The ground was thoroughly frozen, covered with ice and snow, making it impossible to move troops. Thomas had completed all of his arrangements to move his army out of the intrenchments to attack Hood, when the cold weather, with ice and snow, compelled him to defer his movement until there was a thaw. Hood's troops, thinly clad, poorly shod, and without protection from the biting cold, suffered severely. Both armies remained quiet during this cold weather, without making any movement or demonstration until the morning of the 15th of December.

*D. W. Sanders,*

*Major, A. A. G. French's Division, Stewart's corps.*

## MORE OF GENERAL MORGAN'S ESCAPE.

UNDoubtedly the most important and interesting episode connected with my prison experience was the escape of General Morgan and the six officers who accompanied him. The account of that escape by Captain Thomas H. Hines is, in my opinion, the most accurate and lucid which has appeared, and leaves, indeed, but little room for correction or addition. A few particulars, in which my memory differs from his, will be noticed in the course of this article.

In advance, however, I can not refrain from a passing notice of the assertion recently made by Captain Hockersmith, that Hines has unjustly and untruthfully assumed to himself the credit of devising and directing this movement. I was surprised to see Captain Hockersmith's article, as I doubt not all or certainly most of his prison associates will be. For nearly twenty-two years Captain Hines has been the universally accepted author of the enterprise. As I did not escape, I saw none of the Southern publications at the time; but it is my understanding, from members of the command, that the accounts of Morgan's escape published immediately afterward in Southern papers correspond with Hines' version. I understand further that, in a publication made upon General Morgan's personal authority, Hines is mentioned as having originated and conducted the enterprise. Major John B. Castleman informs me that General Morgan personally made the same statement to him very shortly after the escape. I think, therefore, that Captain Hockersmith is mistaken in supposing that General Morgan, if alive, would have attributed to him the credit which he charges Hines with falsely assuming.

My personal knowledge amounts to nothing more than as follows, but it is sufficient to satisfy my own mind. Captain Hines and Captain Hockersmith I did not know personally until after our imprisonment. There I became intimate with Hines, and was very friendly with Hockersmith. Captain Sheldon I knew intimately, as he was captain of my own company. Captain Taylor was raised in my neighborhood, and we had been friends all our lives. Captains Bennett and McGeo I was friendly with, but we were not intimate. Owing to a wound received I did not reach the prison till some time in August, five or six weeks after the others. After a few weeks Hines and my-

self commenced a course of reading together—I believe reading Gibbon's Rome. We usually occupied my cell during a considerable part of the morning. During this intercourse I found that Hines' mind was continually occupied with plans of escape. With an indomitable courage and will, he possessed a most active and enterprising mind. He had devised or obtained a key for secret correspondence with friends outside. After a while Hines, without explanation to me, suddenly broke off the course of reading, and remained during the mornings about his own cell. I was a little hurt at this, but the cordiality of his manner soon satisfied me that there was no ground of offense between us. After a few days Hines revealed to me the reason for his course. He informed me that himself and the others were then engaged in the effort to make an escape, and explained the plan and the grounds which he had to hope for success. My recollection is distinct that at this time Hines informed me that, from a conversation with Mr. Heavey—an old prison-guard, and the kindest one we ever had—he had succeeded in obtaining the information that an air-chamber, in the form of a blind arch, underlay the range of our cells, and that at once, he conceived the idea that this could be successfully used for tunneling out of the prison. In speaking of the *personnel* of the little company who were to escape, Hockersmith was assigned a most important position because of his mechanical skill, he being a brick-mason. By the valuable work which Captain Hockersmith afterward performed he certainly vindicated his title to great credit in the execution of the plan. Other modes of escape had been considered and discussed previously to this; and, according to my recollection, General Morgan was then seriously considering a plan of escape by a capture of the penitentiary. Upon this suggestion of Hines, however, all other methods were immediately abandoned, and every effort was concentrated on the successful accomplishment of this one. It is true that I never heard Captain Hockersmith state that Hines devised the scheme, but neither did I ever hear him claim the credit. As soon as the matter was mentioned to me by Hines, I expressed a desire to assist in the work. These men were all my friends, and I felt the keenest interest in seeing them escape. My own cell was located so near the

ordinary station of the guard, that I recognized at once that I could not be of the party. With the consent of the others, however, I immediately commenced work in the air-chamber, and continued that work until its end. I believe I did the greater part of the work in cutting through the cell of Captain Sam Taylor, the only tool used being an ordinary steel case-knife.

I shall never forget an occasion upon which I came very near causing a discovery of the work that was going on. The original entrance into the air-chamber had been made through Hines' cell. The rest of the work was done in the air-chamber, cutting from beneath. Hines usually sat at the entrance to his cell, giving notice or causing notice to be given to those at work whenever a guard or any official should come into the hall. On one occasion, when the work was nearly completed, notice was given to quit work and come out of the air-chamber. All heard it and responded but myself. I still kept scratching away in Sam Taylor's cell. The bricks, the spawls, and mortar had been removed, and I was so nearly through the water-lime cement that I could perceive the light from above. While scratching away for dear life I was startled by a voice coming from the hole in Hines' cell, "For God's sake! stop that scratching and come out." I responded promptly, and found that old man Heavey had had come in, and, under the pretext of wishing to inspect Captain Taylor's cell, had called him in there for the purpose of giving him an apple, the old fellow being very fond of Sam; and here I was scratching, and in a few moments my knife would have probably touched the old man's foot. How it came that he did not hear the noise from beneath I never knew.

The fact that an escape was in contemplation was kept secret, except to a small number of prisoners, until within a day or two before the escape. It then, however, became universally known, and was the cause of continual conference, speculation, apprehension, and hope. During all this period I never heard the suggestion that any one other than Hines had originated the plan. It is true, I believe, as Captain Hockersmith says, that Hines spent the time sitting at his cell door studying French; but this only confirms the belief in my mind that Hines was directing the operations. He certainly stood in the prison as its representative and director. Hockersmith, meanwhile, as I recollect, certainly performed the most important service in the execution of the work

itself. His mechanical skill and his capacity for labor enabled him to do what the others could not have done. The details of this, of course, I can not give, but Captain Hockersmith, in the series of articles which he is writing, I have no doubt will develop it fully.

As bearing upon this question, I must mention another circumstance. Captain Taylor and Captain Sheldon, who made their escape with Morgan, were recaptured within a short time and returned to the prison. I had been intimate with Captain Taylor all my life, and the intimacy was kept up. After he was returned to the prison I talked with him fully and freely about the escape and all matters connected with it. I am sure that he did not, upon any occasion, claim the credit of having devised the plan, either alone or with Captain Hockersmith, nor did he at any time contravene the statement of Captain Hines. I can hardly conceive it possible that in the intimacy of that intercourse I should not have learned the fact, had Captain Taylor believed that himself and Captain Hockersmith, instead of Hines, had devised and executed the plan of Morgan's escape. I have written this without consultation with Captain Sheldon or any other of our prison companions, wishing to give my own recollections for what they are worth, trusting that if I am wrong in any respect I may be corrected by the recollections of others. Captain Taylor died some years ago, and left no written reminiscences on this subject, so far as I know.

There are two or three statements in Captain Hines' paper which, though not very material in themselves, I think are slightly erroneous. The most important of these is his statement that "On the evening of the 27th of November the cloudy weather, so anxiously waited and watched for, came, and prior to being locked into our cells it was agreed to make the attempt at escape that night." According to my distinct recollection, the afternoon of November 27th was, to all appearance, clear and beautiful. The weather was mild, and the radiance of an Indian summer's sun was bright and glorious as it streamed down through the high windows. Great apprehension was felt among us all that the attempt at escape could not be successfully made that night, and many protests were made with General Morgan against it; but his mind was made up. He knew that a change in prison commandants had been made, and was sure that an inspection would follow. He resolved to go that night. I shall never forget his appearance as he paced

up and down the hall as the sun was almost setting on that beautiful afternoon. While apprehension was felt and depicted on the countenances of most of the prisoners, General Morgan wore a smile which betokened the perfect conviction of success. In my mind he was always a handsome man, and upon this evening his face was lighted with the radiance of hope and the expectation of freedom. His expression it is beyond my power to describe, but the painter who could have caught and reproduced that expression would have been immortalized. That night between 9 and 11 o'clock, as I now remember, the storm arose and the darkness came.

Shortly after the appearance of Hines' article I met him and called his attention to this fact. His recollection confirms mine; but he told me a fact which I did not know—that late in the afternoon he had gone to the platform of the second tier of the cells, and there looked through the window toward the declining sun. He found that light clouds were gathering upon the horizon, which, though they did not intercept the sun's rays, convinced him that falling weather was coming. A little later he went again; his impressions were confirmed, and he requested General Morgan to make the same inspection, which he did, and concurred in Hines' opinion. This explains Captain Hines' brief statement about the cloudy weather.

Captain Hines has omitted one of the most interesting and exciting episodes of that evening. A number of the boys had spent much of their prison time in carving gutta-percha and cannel-coal ornaments. Their tools consisted of pocket-knives and three or four small diamond saws, which the prison officials permitted them to have. From the incident which follows I am satisfied that the prison officials had on this day conceived some apprehension that an escape was intended, for almost immediately after we had been locked up a guard came in inquiring for these saws. He had gotten them all but one, and was trying to find who had that. Suddenly he recollects that it had been given to Colonel Dick Morgan. As General Morgan was occupying Dick's cell, it was certain that a visit of the guard to his cell would reveal the fact and expose the plot. By rare good fortune, just as he started to Dick Morgan's cell, one of the boys remembered and called to him that Major Higley had that saw. Higley was upon the second tier. The guard went to his cell to obtain the saw, and our hearts beat free again.

Hines states in his article that Sam Taylor climbed, hand over hand, on the under side of a ladder leaning against the wall, in order to get a view of the surroundings of the prison through an upper window. My recollection is that he climbed up the balconies at the south-east range of the cells, which, as I now remember, were supported at that point by a slender iron pillar or bar running from the bottom to the top of the building, and up which Taylor climbed.

Captain Hines, of course, makes no mention of what occurred in the prison the next morning. He was not there. While I can not forget the scene, yet it baffles description. You will doubtless remember that a number of us had been practicing upon the guard for some days by sleeping with our heads covered at night, the object being that the covering up of the "dummies" on the night of escape should not excite suspicion in the mind of the guard on his rounds, which were made every two hours. These dummies—intended to represent the escaped prisoners asleep in their beds—were a curiosity in themselves. One of them, I remember, was made up principally of loaves of bread, a contribution of some half dozen prisoners from their private store. Excitement kept me awake during a good part of the night. The next morning, a while before daylight, my ear was attracted by the sound of a guard walking rapidly down the hall in front of our cells. I was at once satisfied that the escape had been detected, which afterward proved to be true. In mounting the guards upon the wall the bell-rope was found cut, and an investigation followed at once. Immediately the guard came in and, approaching the grated door of each cell, called to the inmate to see if he was there. As the cells of the escaped prisoners were reached of course no response was given. Instead of opening the cell a long stick was punched through the gratings, the beds uncovered and the "dummies" exposed in this way. Why this was done I never knew, unless it were that the severed bell-rope so excited the apprehension of the guards that they feared to release even one prisoner at a time from his cell. When the fact of the escape had been rendered certain by these means, many were the speculations indulged as to the mode of escape. The doors of each cell were critically examined and found secure. Attention was then turned to the iron-grated windows, but these were also found secure; then an inspection was made of the flue, back of the stove,

and lastly, of the stove-pipe itself, as possible modes of exit. All this could be perceived from our cells, partly by looking through the gratings, partly from conversation that was overheard; but not a suspicion of the true mode of escape suggested itself until just about daybreak the quick, slippers tread of a convict was heard passing down the hall. He had discovered the mouth of the tunnel just outside the prison wall. He communicated his information to the guards, and the whole thing became clear. The cells were inspected, the holes found, and the escape explained. Even then, however, the wonder of the guards did not cease. At a little later period Governor Brough with the military authorities came to inspect the prison, and when they saw the holes in the various cells, still the inquiry was, What had been done with the dirt, the mortar and brick taken from the first hole before the air-chamber was reached? It was not until a later period that they learned that Sam Taylor (I believe it was) had stuffed the cement, mortar, and bricks into his own bed and slept upon them until the air-chamber was reached.

An interesting occurrence took place at the breakfast hour. Old man Heavey had been our first guard; his kindness to the prisoners had induced his removal. A fellow named Hoffman had followed him, and he had been substituted by one named Scott, familiarly styled "Scotty." There was a jealousy between Scott and Hoffman—the latter having been removed to make place for the former as our guard. It was the habit for one range of prisoners to go to breakfast at a time, alternating as to which should go first. The privilege had been accorded General Morgan to have his breakfast brought to his cell, which was the last one in the upper range. This, it will be remembered, was now occupied by Dick Morgan, with whom the General had exchanged cells the evening before.

When the escape was first discovered, the fact that General Morgan had escaped did not seem to occur to the prison officials, and this, I suppose, is one reason why the telegraphing was so long delayed. On that morning the upper tier was called first to breakfast. After they had gone to the breakfast-room, Hoffman came into the hall and, encountering me near the entrance, inquired, "Where is General Morgan?" stating that the warden required that he should come to his breakfast. I re-

sponded, "The General is in his cell." Hoffman immediately went up, walked into the cell, and there encountered Dick Morgan. His first exclamation on gazing at Colonel Dick was, "By —, I knew it!" and he seemed to chuckle with delight at the disgrace of his friend Scotty.

This failure to discover the absence of General Morgan, and the failure to telegraph the fact of the escape when first discovered, have always seemed to me among the strangest circumstances connected with this affair. If the telegraph had been freely used as soon as the escape was discovered, it is almost certain that Morgan and Hines would have been captured before reaching Cincinnati. They had taken that route supposing that they would reach Cincinnati before the guards were mounted in the morning. A detention of the train caused them to reach there I suppose not less than an hour after the discovery was made. I have always supposed that mortification and chagrin caused the warden to lose his presence of mind, and that he shrank from revealing to the military authorities the escape of the prisoners who had been intrusted to him for special safe-keeping.

This article would hardly be complete without another incident in which Mr. Hoffman figured. Major Elliott, division commissary of Morgan's command, and commonly styled "Old Pooch," affected a certain contempt for Hoffman, and upon one occasion inquired of him "Who was dead in the kitchen?" Hoffman, expressing surprise at his question, asked what he meant. Pooch said, "I see the hominy is in mourning, and supposed there was a death in the kitchen." Upon which Hoffman conducted him to the dungeon, remarking, that "I intend to make you men treat me decent." Elliott occupied the dungeon one day and night. Coming back he gave the rest of us to understand that we might indulge our wit at Mr. Hoffman's expense, but that for himself he proposed to have no further difficulty with him, and "to treat him decent." That day at dinner Elliott, nearly starved, and the hominy being unusually good, asked Hoffman for a second plate. Some of the boys smiling at the request, Hoffman supposed that a little fun was being indulged in at his expense, and started Elliott to the dungeon again. His eloquence, however, stood him in good stead. He persuaded Hoffman that no disrespect was intended, and came back a wise and happy man.

*Thos. W. Bullitt.*

## SOME GENERALS I HAVE KNOWN.

GENERAL BRAGG'S army, after Perryville, October 8, 1862, slowly made its way out of Kentucky, his great wagon-trains, many miles in length, winding through the tortuous mountain-ways toward Tennessee, guarded by a heavy force of cavalry which was harassed by bushwhackers on its unprotected flanks and kept continuously in action by a strong body of Federals in its rear. The wagons were pressed forward with all possible rapidity, while our cavalry hung on the rear to worry and delay the pursuing forces. Food there was none to be had along the line of march, and the fighting was so beautiful and constant that there was little opportunity for drawing and preparing rations in the regular way from the commissary department. Of course every one was suffering, more or less, from hunger. One day, between skirmishes, a small, dark-bearded, foreign-looking young man, apparently twenty-four years old, with chin in air, and the stars of a brigadier upon his collar, rode along the column. Turning to an aide at his side he said, "I'm *very* hungry."

"Same here, General, same here," ejaculated a thoughtless boy-soldier of seventeen mature years. As the little general turned toward the impudent youth who had dared to thus address him, General Joseph Wheeler and I first had the honor of meeting each other. He did not appear embarrassed at the meeting, but I fear my appearance did not indicate that easy grace which might have made it more pleasing. Many times in the years that followed I met the "War Child," as his men loved to call him after they grew into a knowledge of and to admire his fine soldierly qualities. We never found fault with him until he concluded to adopt our regiment as his favorite, and to express his confidence and esteem by sending us on all the doubtful and dangerous expeditions that are so constantly occurring in the game of war. So frequent were these manifestations that we sometimes feared the General loved us too well. He wore worthily the stars of a lieutenant-general before the war closed, has twice sat in Congress as a member from Alabama, and is a member of the new House.

At Perryville I saw a tall, raw-boned, smooth-shaven man, wearing a faded uniform without an insignia of rank, constantly engaged where there was fighting to be done. It was here that I learned the fierce delirium of a cavalry

charge, and that officer led it. When he came out he rode along the line, his face lit with the fire of battle, his lips set firmly, and his fine eyes glowing brightly. It was General John A. Wharton, of the famous Texas Rangers. Several times after this I rode into battle along with him and his Rangers, who went in with a smile in their eyes and a song on their lips. At a later period he was ordered to Texas, where he lost his life in a personal difficulty. In his death the Confederate army was deprived of an excellent officer, a gallant soldier, and a true gentleman.

At Chickamauga much of the cavalry was dismounted, and fought through that desperate Sunday on foot. Near us was a portion of the troops from the Army of Northern Virginia, who had reinforced General Bragg, and on the part of each command there was soon formed that mutual regard born of hard fighting and "going in together." These infantry forces deemed it the highest compliment they could pay their new acquaintances, during and after the battle, to tell them that "they had never seen a dead man with spurs on until they came to the Western army." Of course this reflection upon the splendid cavalry of the Virginia army was not intended to be taken in its fullest sense, but the compliment placed us upon a very pleasant footing with our new friends. Crossing the field on Monday we encountered them, and at their head rode a soldierly-looking man with long, flowing beard. As mutual cheers of recognition passed between the two commands the officer raised his hat, and then General James Longstreet received his share of recognition and very hearty old Kentucky cheers.

On this same Monday, following Chickamauga's sorrowful day, a little party of paroled Federal officers of high rank bore toward their lines about Chattanooga a litter upon which rested a form quiet in all the awful stillness of death. Tenderly resting their burden for a time, these officers told us that they bore the body of General Lytle, of the Federal army, killed in battle the day before while bravely fighting. Every soldier's hat was off in an instant, and near me a soldier of the South in deep, rich tones recited a stanza of the dead soldier's incomparable poem, "I am Dying, Egypt, Dying," thrilling every heart that felt the appropriateness of his action.

Not far from the spot where Lytle fell lay the honored remains of one of our own much-loved dead. A young Kentuckian of splendid lineage, handsome, brave, and, like the Douglas, "tender and true," he entered the Confederate army at an early day as a colonel, was soon promoted to be a brigadier-general, and fell desperately wounded while leading his brigade at Baton Rouge, Louisiana. Partially recovering from these serious injuries, he was ordered to Chattanooga, in 1862, as post commandant. Here, under the tender ministrations of a devoted wife, he so far recovered as to take command of the immortal "Kentucky Orphan Brigade," famed in song and story. Leading it in one of its tempestuous charges, he fell and died upon the field. He was buried at Atlanta, where his remains lay until, just twenty-one years from the date of his death, the loving hands of those who had followed him into battle gathered the dust of General Ben Hardin Helm and laid it beneath the sod of his own Kentucky, where he sleeps among his kindred awaiting the last trumpet call.

When the Confederate forces began to withdraw upon Chattanooga from Middle Tennessee, there was considerable desultory fighting, though no great damage was done. During this retreat, memorable for the heavy rain-fall which accompanied it, I was one day sent with a dispatch to General N. B. Forrest, the great cavalryman, whom I had never seen. After a long search, a little knot of men was found in an open piece of ground apparently enjoying the lively fusilade going on all about them. Approaching a quiet-looking man, clad in a citizen's dress of black cloth, I saluted, and asked to be directed to General Forrest.

"I am General Forrest," said the quiet citizen.

It has been twenty-two years since that afternoon, yet I still recall how that dispatch was delivered with a doubting air to the man who looked more like a country doctor than a dashing cavalry general. Perhaps the coolness with which he ignored the bullets that sung all about him, more than any thing in his appearance, assured me that I had found my man. A few months later I had charge of a picket force of a dozen men at Trion Factory, Georgia. Suddenly from the outposts came sounds of firing. In a few moments our little force was in position. Out of the tall factory building, attracted by the firing, came a dozen or more curious soldiers who had been inspecting its intricate machinery. Two or three

timid fellows sprang into their saddles and fled; the remainder promptly joined my squad. The affair was soon over, and a grave, grim man rode to my side and in a few words complimented the disposition of the little force at my command. He wore a uniform now, but that face was not easily forgotten. It was General Forrest, who had reinforced me and then paid me a compliment which belonged by right to the brave boys with me, who always instinctively did just the right thing when there was any fighting to be done, and frequently lost no time waiting for orders to do it.

In the dismal autumn of 1863, when the army was lying sullenly grouped about Tunnel Hill and Dalton, Georgia, awaiting one of Bragg's movements to the rear, our regiment was constantly on outpost duty at the former point. One morning, about three o'clock, I sat by a smoldering fire at a picket base, while the men off duty tried to sleep. Suddenly a party was heard approaching from the main camp at our rear, and, stepping into the road near by, I halted a general officer and his staff on the grand rounds of the outposts. The guards were not turned out to receive the party who had so suddenly and unceremoniously approached. The situation in front was rapidly, and as clearly as might be, explained to the ranking officer, and then Brigadier-General Kelly rode away into the darkness to take his chances with the outer videttes and a stray shot from the enemy's outposts. General Kelley had just been assigned to our command, and was testing the mettle of his men by these nocturnal calls at unexpected hours. While there was not much ceremony displayed by the troops, it was gratifying to know that he found at least one Kentuckian awake at every point where the troops from that State were on guard. When I next saw him, after the early morning call, he was in the midst of a tangled mass of Federals and Confederates, who were engaged in a hand-to-hand fight. Not many weeks afterward he fell in action, a bullet through his brain closing the career of this young, ardent, and useful soldier.

It was at Abingdon, Virginia, March, 1865, that down one of the wretched streets of that little town there came, meeting me, a young man with nervous, springy step, firm set, determined mouth, square, combative jaws, and lithe form, clad in the neat uniform of a brigadier-general. As we passed salutes were given, and my comrade, one of Morgan's men,

said, "That's Basil Duke." Though Kentuckians both, and serving mainly in the same department, the fortunes of war had not permitted me to meet one of Kentucky's youngest and most distinguished officers until the dark clouds that shadowed the end lowered gloomily about us. A few weeks later our respective commands, after serving as an escort to President Davis, laid down their arms together and turned their faces toward Kentucky. Though the young cavalryman was a stranger then, it is pleasant to know that the days of peace have brought not only acquaintance but mutual friendship and esteem.

Not long before the close of the war I saw the pale face of a young officer as he looked out from an ambulance upon our passing regiment. The shadows that flitted across that handsome face told not only of a torturing pain but of a keen and soldierly desire to be once more at the head of his splendid command, which he was fated never more to lead. He had left a leg on the battle-field, and ere health and strength returned, Appomattox had come and gone—the soldier's task was done. A little while ago I saw him again at Washington, where he holds high social and political rank as the junior Senator from South Carolina, General M. C. Butler, the handsomest member of the United States Senate. An artificial limb supplies the lost one, he walks without a

limp, and gracefully takes part in the merry dance.

One other name is recalled by a recent pleasing event, and though in justice to an attempt to follow the years consecutively, it should have been mentioned sooner, it will none the less pleasantly close these hasty sketches. It was just at sunrise at Perryville when a shout, clear, lively, and inspiring, rang along the line of one of the magnificent divisions moving to its appointed place in the line of battle. Nearer it came, and with it a cavalcade of horsemen, bright and handsome, in the paraphernalia of war. At their head rode a stately man, whom I have sometimes thought the most splendid horseman I have seen. His fine face expressed the genuine pleasure he felt at this warm reception, and his return to active duty. It was General Simon Bolivar Buckner, of Kentucky, not long freed from the discomforts of a prisoner of war. The man who, after such a reception from his troops, would not trust them to do all that men could do must be made of other stuff than the gallant Buckner. His career in the army is known of all men, and his shield bears no marks save those of honor. In private life he has been the same manly man, and has drawn about him in the days of peace a young and active following, which promises possibly high civic honors in the not distant future.

*E. Polk Johnson.*

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In a recent volume of Sydney Smith appeared a paragraph of his conversation not hitherto published: "Ah! you talk very lightly of common sense, but you forget, as I said in my lectures, that two thousand years ago common sense was not invented, and that philosophers would be considered as inspired by the gods, and would have altars raised to them for the advice which a grandmother now gives to a child six years old." "Every political eminence is a Tarpeian rock." "I will do human nature the justice to say that we are all prone to make other people do their duty." "I wish I could write poetry like you, Rogers. I would write an 'Inferno,' and I would put Macaulay amongst a number of disputants and gag him!"

## THE EDITOR'S TABLE.

PUBLIC sentiment seems, at length, thoroughly and generally aroused to the necessity of suppressing one wide-spread and terrible vice, which is even more a national evil than intemperance, and, if possible, yet more prolific of misery and crime.

Gambling, in its worst and most revolting forms, has prevailed and been condoned in the great cities of the United States during the years which have followed the civil war to an extent never paralleled, perhaps, in any other country or period.

The victims of this seductive and fatally destructive habit are more numerous; the opportunities for its indulgence are more extensive, and more publicly and conspicuously advertised; the greedy and predatory species, which has its origin and *habitat* in the gambling hell, and feeds and fattens on the plunder gathered there, is more aggressive and remorseless in the populous American cities than in all other Christian communities on the face of the earth. Certainly the leprosy evil has nowhere else become so firmly rooted in the social fabric, so completely entrenched against the efforts of law, notwithstanding a multitude of ostensible statutory penalties and correctives, and so potent and far-reaching in its influences.

We are speaking of the professional gaming which disguises itself under no pretense of commercial business, and of the "common gambler," whose sole stock in trade is dexterity and craft; his implements the faro box, keno "goose," "marked pack," and drugged decanter; and the region of his industry the wide field of human folly.

We are not concerned now with the reckless spirit and eager anxiety for sudden wealth, so often pointed out as American characteristics which must be chastened and repressed if we would escape great future national tribulation. The feverish thirst for speculation, the passion for rapid and manifold gain in the avenues of traffic, the experimental adventures which the bold operator delights to undertake beyond the confines of prudent commercial hazard, may threaten disaster and warrant some form of remonstrance.

It may be that all this is not consistent with the best and truest morality, but it is not conduct, in restraint or prevention of which the police power may rightfully and safely be invoked. Common sense deprecates statutory regulation of every such excess or error, and suggests the propriety, the necessity of leaving their correction to reason and experience. But practices which enable certain men to live wholly at the expense of others without rendering any return or equivalent whatever, making beneficiaries and beggars alike useless and vicious; occupations which bring ruin to individuals, and can by no possibility do any good for the community; methods of money-getting in which fraud is an ever present and potent factor, these things surely, are proper subjects of legislative inhibition and punishment.

No vice is so demoralizing, no infatuation so desperate as that of gaming. The drunkard has his sober moments, his occasional lucid intervals. The grasp of the devil of drink is sometimes relaxed, and the victim is allowed brief respite to gather strength, and struggle for final emancipation. But he who has sold himself to the devil of play is a slave whom torment and temptation rack without remission.

Ninety-nine men out of every hundred who become *habitues* of gaming houses are ruined beyond redemption in body and soul, fame and fortune. Dopes at first, knaves at last, they often supplement immortality with crime, and resort to theft and embezzlement to obtain the means to gamble.

The professional gambler is an Ishmael, his hand is against every man. The logic and necessity of his situation makes him the enemy of society, unless society surrenders to him, and, tacitly licensing his vocation, makes no effort to defend itself.

He robs as ruthlessly as does the bandit or the burglar, and yet demands immunity and even countenance. He spreads his nets and snares his game, and is indignant and resentful if there be complaint or protest.

He is an active and influential politician, wielding a power at the polls which compels the silence and often the aid of men who make laws and ordinances, and too frequently insures him complete protection against the enforcement of any law intended to affect his trade. He commands and directs municipal policy and patronage, sits in city councils, controls the police, and manages every thing in his own special interest. Vindictive, like all the *carnivora*, he is suddenly a foe to those who will not spot his prey and lend themselves to his pursuit—as the jackall serves the lion, and the pilot-fish the shark—and he relentlessly punishes in all ways that he can every one who seeks to thwart or dares to combat him; thus commanding the aspiring through their ambitions, the cowardly through their fears, the sensual by purveying them pleasure, and the venal and corrupt by the lavish use of money easily gotten, the gambler begs, bribes, bullies, or beats his way through life, according to the character of the emergency or individual with which he finds himself confronted.

But in dealing with a body of men so astute and determined it is necessary to be as pertinacious and inexorable as they are themselves. However much they may fleece each other, they will combine for self-preservation, and no assault upon the evil will be successful which is not well organized and pressed persistently as well as vigorously. It is a fight in which the people who are interested in the suppression of vice and crime must be enlisted against the criminals, and the champions of right must be as perfectly disciplined and as well aligned as those who are struggling to maintain the wrong. It is one of those social battles in which individuals must lend active aid—in which the public must come to the support of the authorities.

We are apt to complain of the laxity with which those charged with the administration of the criminal law enforce it, and the criticism is sometimes well founded and just. But we ought to remember that in a purely popular government, like ours, the magistrates and officers whom we elect will naturally reflect the prevailing public sentiment. They feel themselves the representatives of the popular will and popular opinion, and the best men when they become public officials will be largely influenced in their official conduct by a regard for such expressions. It is the natural and inevitable result of universal suffrage and the elective system. The men who are chosen for office

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can be no better than the men whose votes elect them, and they will square their administration by the presumed wishes and preferences of their constituency.

It is an axiom that no law can be properly enforced which is not in accord with the sentiment of the people for whom it is enacted. We have had abundant examples of its truth. And it is no less true that, in the multitude of offenses which require correction, the officers of the law will more energetically pursue those against which the people are most indignant, and will pay least attention to those about which the people seem indifferent. It is not altogether certain that they are not right in this; they are public servants, and ought, perhaps, to follow closely the public "instructions."

We have seen how the action of courts and juries in America has been affected, unconsciously perhaps, by the ideas which obtain in this country in regard to homicide. Inferior courts will give the law, juries will find, courts of final resort will expound, in a way that would make an Englishman's hair stand on end, because they know how indulgent is public sentiment here on that score.

Therefore, if the public is really opposed to a particular practice denounced by the law; if it sincerely desires that an offense, however glaring, shall be adequately punished and actually suppressed, it must speak out. It must even, as we have said, aid the authorities in combating it.

Now we believe the time has come when the people are aroused against the professional gamblers and mean that this horribly pernicious and demoralizing practice shall be stamped out.

Chicago and Philadelphia, as long-suffering and as greatly abused as Louisville, seem to be as indignant against the brigands of the green cloth as Louisville has become. In more than one State it has been made a felony, and where this has been done it is said the evil has ceased.

In truth, the penalties with which gambling is visited in Kentucky and some other States, while severe and, if rigidly inflicted, might be sufficient, are of a nature which renders them insufficient unless enforced with a rigor, an energy, and a constancy hardly to be expected. Fines without imprisonment—and the imprisonment, being discretionary, is not often inflicted save in some peculiarly odious case—have little terror for law breakers who are levying heavy tribute upon large communities and are generally abundantly supplied with money.

Imprisonment induces real consternation; and the bare threat of the State prison might effect in many an offender the reformation which is more to be desired, of course, than his punishment.

Moreover the method adopted in Kentucky—and perhaps in some other States—of compensating the attorney who prosecutes the pleas of the State by allowing him a percentage of the fines collected from parties convicted of misdemeanors, is absurd and whimsical to the last degree. He is most usually an able and always, if he does his duty, a hard-worked official; his office is one of responsibility and very great importance. He ought to be paid a salary and an adequate one, and for obvious reasons be compensated in no other way.

But having once resolved that the vice shall be eradicated, it is as certain that the better part of the community will root it out as that the day follows the night. The gamblers will be defiant and will

yield reluctantly—they may have the advantage in the preliminary skirmishes—but they will have to go, all the same.

In the June issue of this magazine the initials of General Cleburne were given as P. S., when they should have been P. R. In A Winter Raid Colonel Giltner is referred to as a brigadier. He was Colonel of the Fourth Kentucky Cavalry, and was frequently in command of a brigade, but he was never promoted to the rank of Brigadier-General.

**T**HE war clouds which brooded so ominously in the Eastern political firmament, attracting the anxious gaze of the civilized world, have drifted beyond the horizon again. But their reappearance, which is as certain as the periodical return of the plague or tempest, will be awaited with ever-increasing alarm and disquiet, for when they burst they may wrap the world in storm.

It is scarcely possible that two such nations as England and Russia can engage in war without involving Europe, and ultimately the world. The more especially, when the stake to be fought for is the control of India, the dominion of Asia and its vast populations, the commercial supremacy and, therefore, the wealth of the East. When England, mistress of commerce and the peaceful arts, goes to war with an opponent who can match her power and really threaten her safety, she will unsettle the peace of the earth. All mankind must feel it. Every sea must hear the thunder of her guns, as her iron-clads assail her enemy, or roar in the protection of her own interests. Every people will, in some way, have brought home to them a realization that the great power which dictates the trade of all nations, and governs values all over the globe, is straining every nerve to maintain the domination so long and widely exerted. Two hundred and forty millions of Asiatics living under her laws and her government, part of her empire, subjects of her flag, must see her take up arms with the feeling that the fate of themselves and their posterity is involved in the issue. Fifty millions who owe her no allegiance and yield her no service, but who are connected with her hardy race by blood and tradition—who speak her language, inherit, in some form, her institutions, share her ideas, and always, save when the contention may be between her and themselves, sympathize with the attitudes she takes and the efforts she puts forth in a struggle like this now menacing her—look on from America, Canada, Australia, as she goes into a combat that, once joined, must be fought to the death, with hearts that can not, if they would, help wishing Old England well. Even gallant Erin may forget her wrongs in the profounder sympathy of race, and the valor of her sons be exhibited again under the Red Cross in such manner and such time of need that the bigots of Parliament shall be shamed into tardy justice.

On the other hand, when Russia enters upon such a conflict as is yet before her, the earth must heave as if with the movements of a Titan. The great European powers, always jealous of each other's military strength and demonstrations, always watchful and suspicious lest some advantage be had when and where least expected; apprehensive that the martial might and fury let loose in one direction may be turned in others; ever in a condition of armed

strain and tension, with their great armaments in constant preparation—like bar-room bullies with hands on their pistols whenever a quarrel is going on—the great powers will see an army of two millions of men mobilized and pulling on the leash so soon as Russia has declared war. A vast, semi-barbarous, half-enlightened population, a population with the coarse instinct of savages, and yet on the verge of inquiry after better things—eighty millions of people who, if a thin veneering be “scratched” off, will be found “Tartars”—with that declaration will be stirred to its depths and aroused into an unwonted political activity. Who can say how soon the desperate nihilist may see, and how well he may use, his opportunity? Who can predict how far the revolutionary impulse may go, or to what extent the republican sentiment may be urged into aggressive expression, throughout the length and breadth of Europe?

War between Russia and England is inevitable at no distant date. Negotiation, more or less mixed up with a pretense of arbitration by some other power, may postpone it, but both sides will feel it to be but hollow diplomatic temporizing. The matter at stake is too important—the dependence too vital—to be settled by ordinary protocols and palaver. Complications of such character and involving such issues have never been settled save by the sword. Central Asia has become altogether Russian. And the Russian comes from the arid Central Asian steppes down upon India with an ambition as fierce and a purpose as fixed as that of Timour or Zenghis. India is England's, and England will hold India against Turcoman and Tartar, Muscovite and Scythian, Czar and devil, so long as there is an Englishman left to point a rifle or spend a penny. She will fight in this quarrel with the same unflinching pluck and pertinacity with which she hung on the haunches of Napoleon—with which, thirty years ago, she reduced her present foe to terms in the Crimea.

There will be large opportunities in this war, when it comes, to test all the improvements and inventions in gunnery and ordnance which have been incubated in the last twenty years. All the best methods of destruction, all the increased facilities for homicide, both for sea and land will be utilized. We will learn exactly how irresistible is the torpedo, and whether or no the dynamite cartridge can be used without “hoisting the engineer with his own petard.”

But war will be found so costly now that modern ideas of economy, if not of morality, will be greatly against it. Not only will the destruction of commercial values be more alarming than ever before, but the absolute cost of these modern improvements will be something appalling. In Caesar's time a Roman legionary soldier could be fitted out—shield, breastplate, greaves, cut-and-thrust sword, plumb, and all his kit and baggage—for perhaps ten or twelve dollars. It costs more than that, now, to fire a large piece of ordnance a single shot. One modern light battery of artillery with its equipments costs more, probably, than all the military engines—battering-rams, balista, catapults, etc.—that were used between the period of Titus and that of Aurelian. While science has relatively cheapened the manufacture of any given article, it has compelled in war, as in everything else, the employment of the most superior article.

The Roman legionary could afford to use a sword made by a blacksmith. The veteran of Hannibal did good work with a strong spear tipped with per-

haps ten cents' worth of iron. The English archers dealt death with bows which they made themselves. The soldiers of Frederic fought with the clumsy musket and bayonet of early make. The Prussian and Frenchman, to-day, must have the needle-gun and the chassepot; and the next generation may require rifles loaded with electricity. The progress of invention and the improvement in the appliances of warfare will necessarily constantly increase its cost and render military expenditures more extravagant. In this consists the best hope that war will finally cease. Only the richest nations will be able to fight; and rich nations will most probably always desire peace.

THE English papers seem to have gotten over the flurry into which they were thrown by Mr. Gladstone's remarkable conduct, when, immediately after his famous speech, by which he asked and obtained the fifty millions, he recalled Sir Peter Lumsden, consented to the occupation of Pendjeh, and apparently convinced the Ameer that it would prove safer to be Russian than English. They now are either measurably reticent, or recite the argumentative excuses which Mr. Gladstone's intellect, always fertile of such things, has devised. They say that Sir Peter Lumsden was not recalled in the sense in which a diplomatic agent is “recalled,” but that he is now to perform a “purely civil task” at home, which he has hitherto been performing on the Afghan frontier. So this policy of the Premier, which a short time back all journalistic England denounced as something which would “disgust Britain and dismay India,” is now very excellent and commendable indeed.

Two months ago the English press teemed with sincere and hearty tributes to Russian perfidy; England was at great disadvantage, they said, because her people always kept faith and the Russians never did. Now it is charged that Sir Peter Lumsden was unfit for his mission because he was too suspicious, and would persistently refuse to trust the bland and childlike Muscovite. But most bewildering of all, after what we have heretofore heard, is to be told now that Herat is in no way the key to India. Yet Major-General Henry Green, K. C. S. I., says so, and talks in a way to shake an outsider's faith in the absolute necessity of defending Herat—if not an Englishman's. He recommends that the plateau of Beloochistan should be garrisoned by the European troops of the English army for the defense of India, where they would find the climate healthy, and whence they could be concentrated readily at Quetta, a strong position occupied and fortified at the suggestion of General Jacob, and which is within forty-eight hours by rail of the sea-port of Kurrahee and within three weeks of London.

“This position,” he says, “would constitute our left flank defense, as no army of any serious dimensions could march toward India through the deserts of Mekran, lying west of Beloochistan and extending to the Indian Ocean. We should have to provide for the defense of the remaining four hundred miles of the Punjab frontier between Mithencote and Peshawur, running along the foot of the Suliman range of mountains. On this line we ought, I think, to construct strong defensive works to command the debouchures of the numerous passes. Mithencote, Dehra Gazee Khan, Dehra Ishmael Khan, Bannoo, Kohat, and Peshawur, the latter commanding the exits from

the Khyber pass, would probably be some of the points selected; behind this line we have the Indus River, nowhere fordable, and which in summer is very broad and rapid—in some parts during the season it has a width of from four to five miles. This splendid river might be patrolled by any number of iron gun- and torpedo-boats. Peshawur would form our right flank defense. Now let us analyze the position of that empire, supposing she possessed herself of Herat. We certainly hear much of the power of that valley to maintain and supply an army for aggressive operations, but can its means of doing so compare in any way with those at the disposal of India. Even were Herat connected by rail direct with Russia itself, the power of supply would be very limited in comparison to that of England with the assistance of our commercial marine and our command of the sea. An attack on such a position as I have suggested we should hold on the frontier of India would require the concentration at Herat of at least two hundred thousand men and six hundred guns for the advance, the line of communication and reserves, and in addi-

tion hundreds of thousands of baggage animals, exclusive of camp followers."

The next chapter we may expect in the great controversy is the Russian occupation of Herat, the conversion of the fickle Afghan tribes to the Russian interests, an interval, more or less brief, of menace, negotiation and English uneasiness, and then a fight on the line indicated or the discovery of another line of defense still better suited to the temper of an English ministry.

Sooner, or later, however, the collision must come, and when it does—when the calico Statesman goes to the rear, and hard hitting is in order—we'll back the Briton. He will enter the ring of course, entirely unprepared. One of the chief blessings of free, constitutional government is that it will neither require nor permit the people who enjoy it, to "prepare for war in time of peace." He will consume the first two or three rounds in doing what he ought to have done in his training; but when he gets down to his work he'll maul the hybrid spawn of Sclave and Scythian till his *Massayetan* grandmother would not know him.

## SALMAGUNDI.

MANY of the songs which were familiar to the people of the South in the war time have been preserved in some form, and, in volumes of "war lyrics" or compilations of Southern poems, will have a place in literature. Some of them produced an impression at that period now hard to understand. They were complete echoes of a high-wrought sentiment, inspiring action and utterance equally intense, and were received as the fit and natural expression of the popular purpose and hope.

These representative monumental songs were heard—especially during the first two years of the war—in every Southern household. "Maryland, my Maryland," "There's Life in the Old Land Yet," "The Bonnie Blue Flag," "Stonewall Jackson's Way," like "Dixie," were to a certain extent indicia, if not exactly tests, of loyalty in the South. They were parts of the profession of faith. But as the long contest dragged on, and war, losing much of its earlier illusions, became a stern, bitter, and exceedingly monotonous and unpleasant reality, these "high toned" lyrics were tacitly voted rather too romantic and poetical for the actual field, and were remitted to the parlor and the piano-stool. Young ladies still rendered them, in compliment and, perhaps, as incentive to military admirers; but the youth, to whom battle and bivouac had become second nature, himself chanted in quite other fashion on the march or seated at the camp fire.

It will be remembered by the veterans of the Confederacy that the songs sung by the soldiery after the struggle had developed into its later phases and harsh, close, constant grapple, were of an altogether different character. They had less of flourish but more of meaning; not so much bravado, but a good deal more point. These songs, like the talk and the work of the veterans, were imbued with the grim earnestness of their experience and of the situation; when, to phrase the thought in the vernacular of the ranks,

"a man was not inclined to bite off more than he could chew, but mighty apt to chew all he bit off."

Typical of the time, there were certain of them which breathed a fierce spirit and active resentment, happily forgotten, and which it is not well to recall by reproducing the rugged verses expressing it. But by far the larger number were good humored; pretty full, it is true, of the soldier's disposition to exalt his own side and its heroes, but often sappy with the homely satire of the camps, which stings friend and foe alike.

Every ex-Confederate can recall one such song at least, which, from the Potomac to the Sabine, from the Cumberland to the Gulf, was raised in quaint, jingling tune wherever and whenever a half dozen ragged rebels were gathered together.

The rollicking refrain, captivating for its very absurdity, ran thus:

"I'll lay ten dollars down,  
And count it up one by one;  
Just show me the very man  
Who struck Billy Patterson."

The last two lines sometimes altered as follows:

"The next time that we fight 'em  
The Yanks are going to run,"

expressive of a hope which, however often disappointed, sprang again and again in the gray-clad breast.

Innumerable verses were composed and sung to this refrain. The Army of Virginia and the Army of Tennessee had each its history rudely chronicled as fast as made in this rough minstrelsy. Every corps and command contributed some commemorative stanza. The current events of campaigns were told in improvised verse as rapidly as they occurred, and

were thereafter faithfully recited by the rhapsodist who professed to know the whole fragmentary epic. The wits and wags of the camps sought to make criticism more caustic by embodying it in lines which, once given place in this song, would surely be heard throughout the Confederacy.

The dim, scarce conscious recognition of the abnormal character of the strife—of the ghastly folly of civil war—had its utterance in,

"I've shot at many a Mexican,  
And many an Injun, too;  
But I never thought I'd have to shoot  
At Yankee-doodle-doo."

The boundless, invincible confidence of his army in General Lee was simply but perfectly, and, to one who shared the sentiment, pathetically expressed in language of cheer and assurance, assumed to have been spoken by the great commander himself:

"Mars' Robert said, 'My soldiers,  
You've nothing now to fear,  
For Longstreet's on the right of them,  
And Jackson's in their rear.'

A battle incident and tribute to a gallant regiment was thus preserved:

"The Fourteenth Louisiana,  
They charged 'em with a yell;  
They bagged them 'buck-tail rangers,'  
——— ——— ——— ———."

The profanity of the last line, if produced, would shock every well-regulated mind, and all feeling of admiration for the bravery of the Fourteenth Louisiana would be lost in one of compassion for the dreadful fate of the "buck-tail rangers."

The following explanation by a soldier, who followed Morgan on the raid into Indiana and Ohio, of how he became a prisoner, is clear, and was doubtless satisfactory:

"Oh, Morgan crossed the river,  
And I went across with him—  
I was captured in Ohio  
Because I could not swim."

The account which another cavalryman gave of the easy and inexpensive way in which he procured his outfit is candid, to say the least:

"You see these boots I'm wearin',  
I won 'em on a race;  
A store subscribed this suit of clothes,  
And I bought my hat on space."

A certain gallant but unfortunate officer was mentioned as having undertaken an expedition in which

"He played it mighty slim;  
He went to catch the Yankees,  
But the Yankees they catched him."

No matter where this song was sung, or by whom, nor which of its multitude of stanzas happened to be selected by the minstrel, the following verse always closed it:

"But now my song is ended,  
And I haven't got much time,  
I'm goin' to run the blockade  
To see that girl of mine!"

Another exceedingly popular camp-song was the "Red, White, and Red," one or two verses of which, only, can just now be recalled for the *Salmagundi*:

"T was a beautiful day  
In the fair month of June,  
At Big-Bethel Magruder  
Whipped out Picayune;  
The fight began early,  
And lasted 'til two,  
When Dixie's flag waved  
O'er the 'Red, White, and Blue.'  
Hurra! Hurra! we're a nation they dread;  
Hurra for Old Jeff. and the 'Red, White, and Red'!"

"In the year 'sixty-one,  
The 21st of July,  
To Richmond the Yankees  
An excursion did try;  
But they didn't go far,  
But came back very blue,  
With the star-spangled banner  
Shot right spang in two.  
Hurra! Hurra!" etc.

These are random specimens selected out of a great number of similar character, showing how the Confederate soldiers, in default of other means, published their impressions and opinions of the events transpiring around them. They are given because they happen to be remembered. It is to be hoped that contributors to the *BIVOUAC* may recall and furnish verses more graphic. The "Folk" songs of the war, as we may style them, should not be lost.

**M**any years ago two well-known citizens of Louisville, Judge B. and Colonel J., were visiting a neighboring town while the annual county fair was in progress. They were treated, of course, with the utmost hospitality, and as a demonstration of the great respect in which they were held, they were requested to serve among the "judges" of a number of the most important "horse-rings."

In one ring for "the best pair of light carriage horses" a close contest occurred, which elicited much excitement, every person on the grounds taking sides either for a very fine pair of bays, or for an exceedingly showy, high-stepping pair of browns. The judges themselves were long in doubt, but ultimately, by a divided vote, three to two, gave the "premium" to the browns, and the red ribbon to the bays, whereupon the driver and owner of the bays stood up in his vehicle and emphatically and solemnly swore at the judges, as a "passel of d—d fools that didn't know the pints of a horse from the bark on a buckeye tree."

The authorities and managers of the fair association, and the people generally—even those who had been the strongest partisans of the bays—were scandalized and indignant; and there was a general clamor that the offender should be expelled from the ring and the grounds. Some even went so far as to say that his conduct was so very disgraceful and "ridiculous," that, if a shot-gun was handy he ought to receive the benefit of it. The managers held an immediate session, and in a few minutes pronounced sentence on him, of everlasting banishment from those premises and all the appurtenances and privileges

thereunto belonging. The Kentuckians, however, although hot-tempered, are placable, and so when, in the course of an hour or two, it was announced that the erring horseman was penitent, and desirous of making an apology, it was decided that he should be permitted to do so, and be reinstated. Judge B. was especially eloquent in pleading for him, inasmuch as he (the Judge) had strongly favored giving the premium to the bays.

When the resolution was reached the judges assembled in great dignity in the middle of the ring, and the offender was brought in escorted by the gentleman who carried the whip and acted as master of ceremonies while the show was going on. He approached with a firm step and composed demeanor, halted when within a few paces of the judges, and, lifting his hat, said in a clear voice heard by every person in the listening audience: "Gentlemen, I am greatly mortified at what has occurred, and I can not adequately express my regret that your conduct was such as to compel the use of the strong language which I employed."

There was a moment's silence, and then Judge B. stepped forward, grasped the hand of that contrite man and said, "My dear sir, in behalf of my colleagues I accept your handsome acknowledgment, and trust it will never have to be repeated."

Somewhat the audience thought both speeches a trifle ambiguous.

**I**t will be remembered that a curious habit prevailed among the soldiers, in the latter part of the war, of designating their respective companies and battalions by the queer names of "outfit" and "lay-out," while they would call a brigade a "shebang."

The story goes that General Polignac, the noble Frenchman who so generously espoused the cause of the South and served her with distinguished bravery to the last, that the general was once accosted by a bright eyed Creole boy, who announced that he had just returned from a furlough, and wished to know where he could find Colonel Censir's "lay-out."

"Colonel Censir's *what?*" shouted the General, his eyes bulging with astonishment.

"Colonel Censir's 'lay-out,'" repeated the lad, it belongs to your 'shebang.'"

"Well, I hope to land in h-l-l," ejaculated Polignac, who, when excited, sometimes became profane, "if I know what ze little diable mean! I have been educate all my life in ze armee. I have hear of ze compagnie, ze battalion, ze brigade, and ze division, but I agree to be d-n to h-l-l, if I ever hear of ze 'lay-out,' or ze 'shebang' before."

**O**nce upon a time, at a place and date which had, maybe, better not be given, a gang of Confederate cavalrymen, of that class which the French style "zephyrs," and we call "bummers," boarded a railway train which had been stopped between two flourishing cities, and began to levy contributions on the passengers.

They were in a great hurry, because they expected every moment the arrival of a detail of guards, which would not only interrupt their operations, but make it warm for them, if caught *"in flagrante."*

There were a number of Jews on the train, *en route* from the more southern city to buy goods in the other and more favorably located point, and their pocket-books were well lined.

The bummers were prancing around in this crowd, and "going through" the sorrowful Hebrews in a scandalous way, when, it is related, a long, lank, slab-sided Michigan cavalryman, who had been very philosophically watching all that transpired, as if a quite familiar scene to him, reached out and grabbed the most active examiner by the jacket and said, "Hold on a minute, Reb., I want to tell you something."

"Well, now split it out quick," said the reb., "I always like to treat prisoners right, but I aint got much time. That d—d, stuck up provost guard will be along d'rectly, and we'll be 'bleeged to quit work."

"I aint a goin' to detain you. You see that Jew sittin' over thar. I see him take his pocket-book, just now, and stuff it under the seat. I wanted to give you the pint."

The reb. started off like a shot out of a shovel, but the Michigander pulled him back again. "I do n't want to be misunderstood," he said. "You need n't think I'm a tryin to curry favor with you fellows, becuiz I'm a prisoner. I've fit you for three year, and I'm goin' at it agin as soon as I'm exchanged, but, for all that, *I do n't want to see no d—d Jew defraud a soldier.*"

**M**any excellent gentleman were addicted just before and during the war—as many such are at all times—to rather intemperate and extravagant language, and made declarations which, in the nature of things, they could not possibly be expected to fulfill.

Just such a man was Mr. C—, a well to do, portly merchant, who lived in a small town in Southern Kentucky at the beginning of the unpleasantness, and was a very violent and outspoken secessionist. Indeed, he frequently asserted that he would shed every drop of blood in his body and "die in the last ditch," before he would ever consent to acknowledge allegiance again to the government of the United States. In the same town lived an easy-going, wagish fellow, named Jim White, who was a strong Union man, and was constantly engaged in controversy with Mr. C—, until he had learned all the latter's emphatic expressions by heart. When the war grew warm, Jim White joined the Union army, but Mr. C—, could not make "the necessary arrangements to enable him to leave home," and did not join the Southern army.

In course of time, a detachment of Federal troops with whom was Jim White, paid a visit to the town and called on the more prominent rebels among the citizens to "take the oath." All turned up except Mr. C—. He was nowhere to be found, and yet no one had seen him leave town. At length, after long and fruitless search, Jim White shouted out:

"Have any of you fellers ben a diggin' a las' ditch any whare about here sence I left?"

"Well, no," they said, "Why did he ask such a question?"

"Becuz," he replied, "I 'lowed if you had, we mout find him in thar."



# MAP OF THE Battlefield of Nashville.

Dec. 15 - 16th, 1864.

Drawn by Wilbur F. Foster,  
Major Engineer Corps, C. S. A.

